

PZ  
3

I96

FT MEADE  
GenColl



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

---

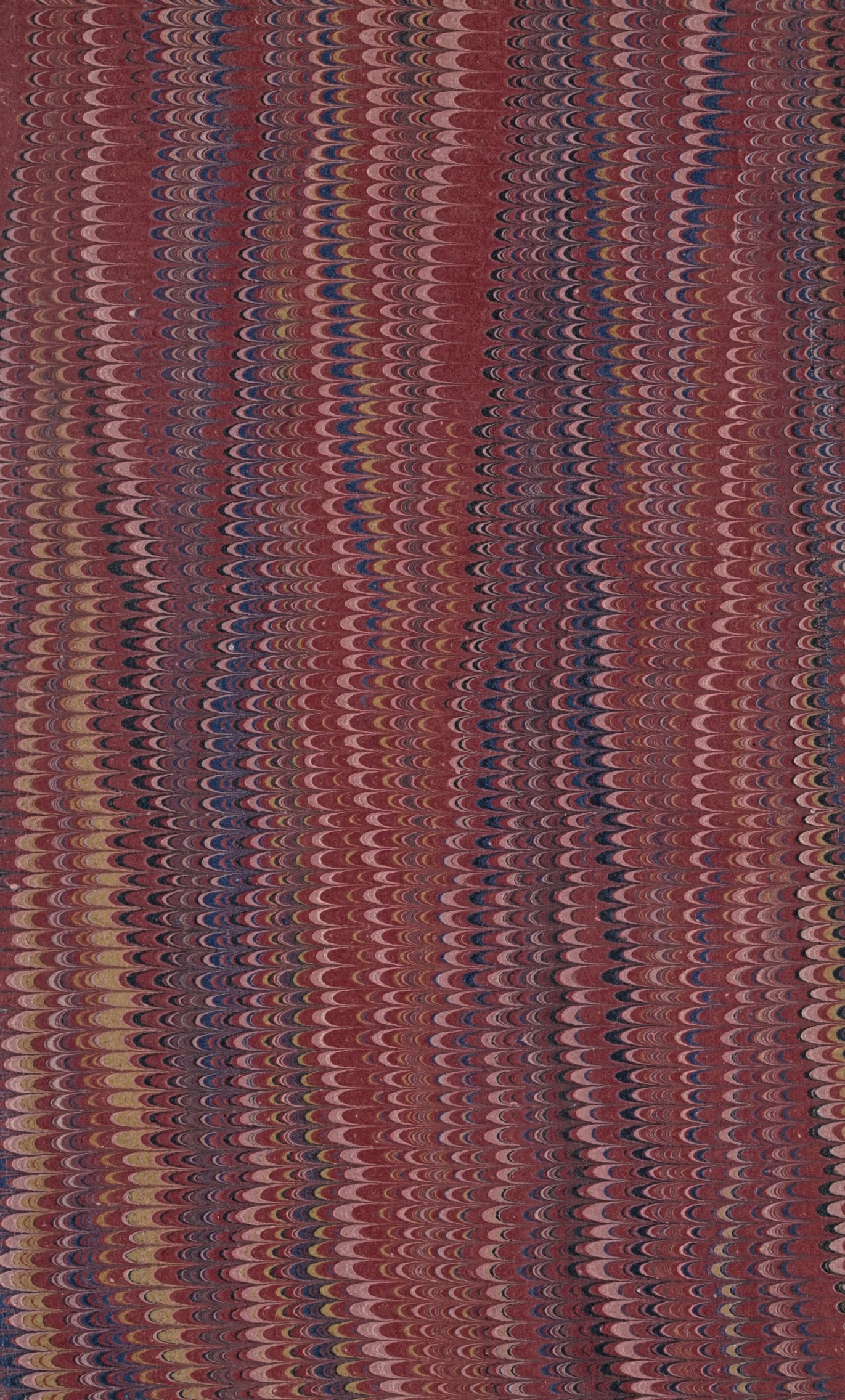
Class. *P 23* Copyright No. ....

Shelf. *I 96*

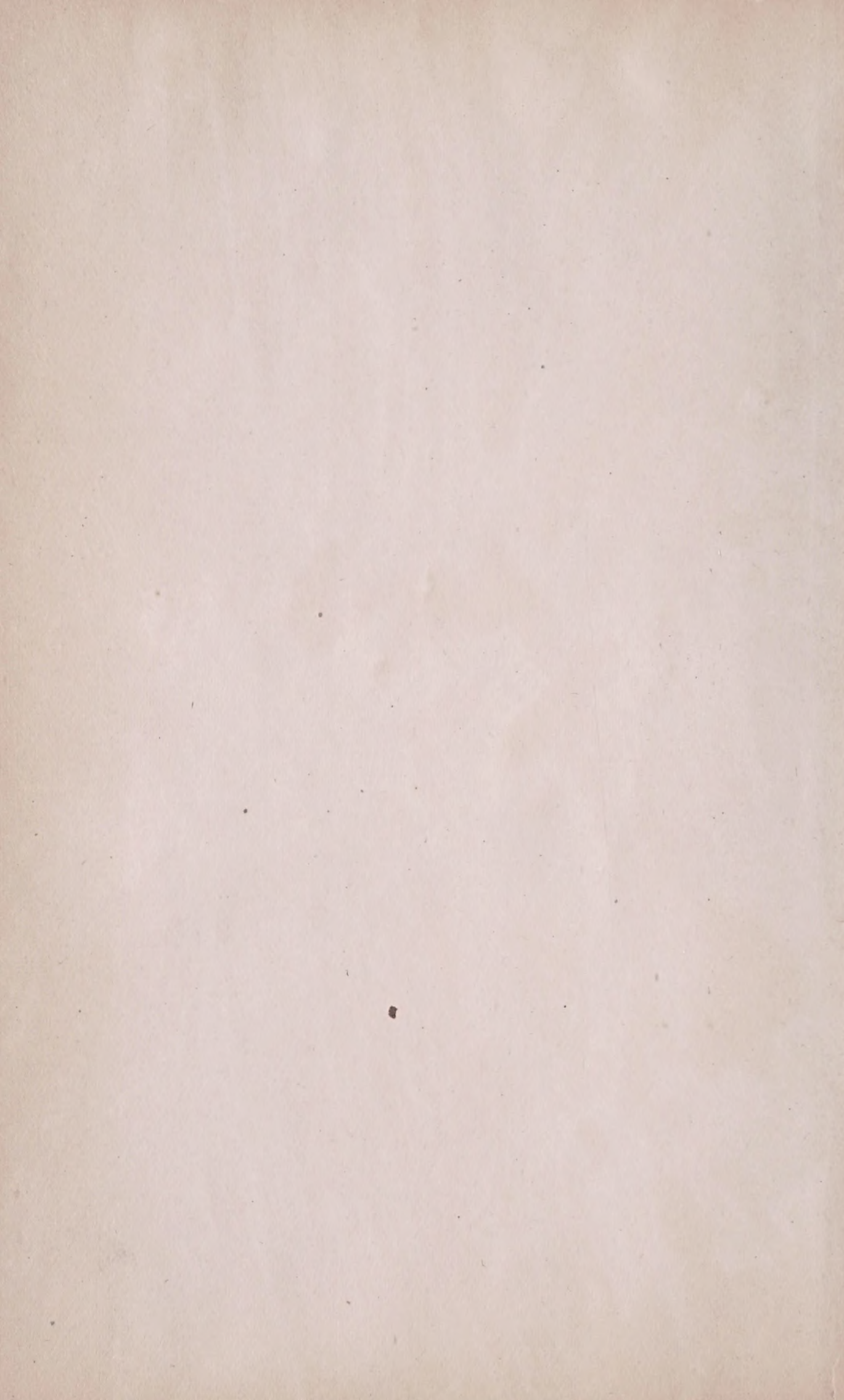
---

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



















12092.C-

# IVY FENNHAVEN;

OR,

## WOMANHOOD IN CHRIST.

*A STORY OF PROCESSES.*



Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.

*Tennyson.*

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY D. LOTHROP & CO.  
DOVER, N. H.: G. T. DAY & CO.

1872.



P23  
.I96

✓

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872,

By D. LOTHROP & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



## PREFACE.

---

It seems as if those rare and beautiful lives, such as we find in memoirs, and described as saintly, sometimes fail to appeal to living self-searchers. It has been said that this is because, "In exaggerating good to be attained, you only confirm the sinner in that fatal, but comfortable idea, that he is too feeble to attain it, and God will be less exacting than you."

But when we come to look closely at living and marked characters, we find they are a little more human, not less so, than others. It is when the world, the flesh, and the devil, are being met in near recognition and resistance, that witnesses care to know of the conflict, and they themselves desire to be better men and women.

It is for those who believe that God loves



the imperfect work better than any beautiful conception of it, the struggling through days of doubt and incompetency better than any brilliant ideas of success, that this book was written, lest such fail to remember they are to be (rather than perfect people) the *helpers* for Christ. The story is only of the development, in ordinary circumstances, of the threefold purpose of a young woman, to be a home blessing; to have an outside work to do; and by this contact with others, to win souls to Christ.



## CONTENTS.

---

|  | CHAPTER I.    | PAGE |
|--|---------------|------|
| YOUNG IDEAS, . . . . .                 |               | 7    |
|  | CHAPTER II.   |      |
| FAMILY PORTRAITS, . . . . .            |               | 13   |
|  | CHAPTER III.  |      |
| AFTER YEARS AND A REVIVAL, . . . . .   |               | 21   |
|  | CHAPTER IV.   |      |
| VOICES, . . . . .                      |               | 42   |
|  | CHAPTER V.    |      |
| NOT OUR WAYS, . . . . .                |               | 49   |
|  | CHAPTER VI.   |      |
| PECULIAR VIEWS, . . . . .              |               | 67   |
|  | CHAPTER VII.  |      |
| ALTAR FIRES, . . . . .                 |               | 77   |
|  | CHAPTER VIII. |      |
| RECONCILIATION, . . . . .              |               | 92   |
|  | CHAPTER IX.   |      |
| MISS PICKHARTZ LIKES SPIRIT, . . . . . |               | 111  |



|  | CHAPTER X.    | PAGE |
|--|---------------|------|
| MOTHER QUITTY, . . . . .                       |               | 120  |
|  | CHAPTER XI.   |      |
| KENSEL, . . . . .                              |               | 144  |
|  | CHAPTER XII.  |      |
| FIRM AS THE TRUTH, SIMPLE AS A BABY, . . . . . |               | 146  |
|  | CHAPTER XIII. |      |
| WHOSE MISTAKE? . . . . .                       |               | 161  |
|  | CHAPTER XIV.  |      |
| EAGLES' WINGS, . . . . .                       |               | 168  |
|  | CHAPTER XV.   |      |
| TWICE AT BETHEL, . . . . .                     |               | 194  |



# IVY FENNHAVEN;

OR,

## WOMANHOOD IN CHRIST.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### YOUNG IDEAS.

"I WANT to be great; free from the anxiety and depression rising from changing circumstances, firm and calm in the security of elevation. There are many paths up this mountain, and many resting-places where men are happy; but I can never be satisfied with these, because my spirit's home is nearer the summit."

"What is it to be truly great, Bart?"

"To be great in purpose, and strong in its accomplishment."



"What is a great purpose?"

"To excel; to make of self all that a man is capable of becoming."

"I know; but what must we do as a definite work every day?"

"If you ask for yourself, a woman is a woman, and can't be much anyway; but there is no limit to the possibility in man. It is, for him, to have a high standard, and work towards it; and if it is ever reached, to place it higher still, and continue to press on."

"What path shall you take in climbing, Bart?"

"I must speak." Then smiling at his own presumption, he added, "It is my ambition to be the best preacher among preachers."

Bartholomew Fennhaven, with his cousin Wren and little sister Ivy, had come up by the side path which led from Wren's home to the top of Data Hill. It was an October afternoon. The chill prophetic shadows creeping indoors had made them restless till they had come out into the sunshine of prolonged summer. Something in the distinct outlines



of the landscape, peculiar to the clear day when Nature unrolls her larger map of revelation, had inspired the young man to speak thus fully of himself and of his future work. He was insensible to many nearer problems within and without. The pride and self-assertion of his inexperience had been as yet untouched by discipline. But there was a grandeur in his thoughts for all that, which was oppressive, and he grew silent. He had been standing. Now he sat, as if it might take time to see the world. Besides, he must put by the ideal till he could grasp and live it.

The child Ivy had been moving before them in the sunlight, as aimlessly as the birch leaves, and as obedient to the wind-breath of influence. She did not know it, but she was breathing native air, and beginning to live in an atmosphere of emulation. To Wren, more than to the others, this afternoon's brightness was a real promise. Her woman's faith in Bart made it so, and in her habit of dreaming she fed upon it. She loved the wilderness of vagary better



than the cultivated fields of certainty, forgetting that men and woman must wrestle with the actual to develop bone and sinew.

We do not like the days that die so quickly without a lingering twilight. From the brightness the transition to chill is too sudden. It is like the losing of a friend, the quenching of a marvelous love. Yet Wren kept the day alive in her enthusiastic thoughts that night.

"How grandly Bart talked this afternoon! He will succeed, I know, for his words were strong with truth and courage, and I didn't care at all when he said a woman couldn't be much, though I have an ambition to be that to him which will forbid his saying this. I suppose I like to have him speak the truth better than to have him patronize me with compliments, as if I could not face a fact. I think the highest happiness for a woman must be to know she is a blessing to those she loves, instead of being, as Aunt Caroline says, 'a sanctifying trial.' I am afraid to exalt the power of human influence till it constitutes leadership, for I am happier in



believing that Love is the power that controls, and the grandest men and women are its most obedient servants. Besides, if we gladly allow that man is king, then in woman must be answered the question, of what? and small is he whose realm is small. If much of Bart's power must depend upon wealth of character in me, then I must not be merely his repetition, but obtain as a separate individual a conscientious understanding of what is truly great. He means by it, success and honor, yet he seems to have no definite ideal of detail, such as mother is constantly putting into words. If we are brought into contact with its elements, I wonder how we shall know them, and whether it will be ourselves or some other person that will really grasp them. It seems as if the Lord's best gifts must somewhere bear the Royal Seal."

When Wren knelt beside the sleeping child, Ivy, that night, she prayed, "Let no harm come near her. Carry her in thine arms, as Bart did to-day, over the hard places." Then she prayed for Bart, that he



might be given all his desire. She strove to bring his needs nearer to God than her own. She cried as if she was not heeded, and not in the strength of quietness and confidence. She was not glad to-night, as one who is brought to a desired haven, for her prayer covered their lives; and she could not in her wish for an immediate sign, understand what was the change to be daily wrought in them. How could she be sure of an answer to this one petition? As her judgment ripened she would be likely to ask for them different blessings, and contradictory desires must somehow be reconciled in the bestowment. It takes all our lives to learn to rest upon a single word from the lips of the Master. "Whatsoever," secures fulfillment and enlargement of desire as well as any other gift, and He hath said it.



## CHAPTER II.

### FAMILY PORTRAITS.

MRS. JULIA FENNHAVEN, deceased, the mother of Bart and Ivy, was a woman of large brain and vibrating nerves, which brought to her a realization of things too mysterious for her to understand, and yet filled her soul with an insatiable longing to reach a mirage ever before her in the desert of present possession. Her restless spirit wore to thinnest tissue the fabric of flesh, and the keen-sighted wondered for years at its tenacity. Thomas Fennhaven, who worshipped her, failed to understand his deity. It was as if his spirit's eyes, fastened intently upon her, had become sightless, and perhaps paralyzed. The gifts he offered in devotion were as little heeded by her as the gaze of the curious by the hart panting after



the waterbrook. Apart from this blind worship he was a man of slow sensation, his mind through all his life being stifled in the swaddling clothes of a cumbersome body, without the force to assert itself. Bartholomew was the first of five children. He inherited his father's slow apprehension and concentrating affection with much of his mother's ambition. It was this that gave an impetus to his thoughts and actions and set to work his otherwise stolid powers. In turn came three other infants, who opened their brown eyes for a season upon a world of strife, then closed them and went away into everlasting peace. "Too finely organized, and no endurance," observed the elders. Ivy resembled these, and her mother's plans for her were laid in heaven. Notwithstanding earthly wisdom, the mother was taken, and Ivy was left to Mrs. Keldor, Mrs. Fennhaven's sister. Thomas Fennhaven's grief hardly recognized itself, it was so like a stupefying disease, to which he made no resistance, and of which he died.

Mrs. May Keldor was like her sister, but



not so intense. To her, love was calmer and destiny less inexorable. Perhaps it was through happier circumstances that she escaped the life-pain of dissatisfaction, and perhaps it was something in herself that made happier circumstances. Her views of life were not distorted by too active an imagination. She felt the present value of her possessions. The depths of her nature had never been upheaved by sudden calamity. Sorrow to her had been a gentle refiner. Even death had come quietly to her husband after long waiting, and she had given him up as one who had settled it with self. David had himself led her interest during those last days to the children, and her living for them came to seem like living with him. They in their turn were more easily satisfied than their cousins, but were not of the kind to make heroes nor martyrs. Wren had her mother's analytical mind, and reasoned deeply within herself. With a queenly spirit, she rose at times to deeds that revealed the inward working, but in the daily routine — and this is the true test of char-



acter—she was a dreamer, rather than an actor whose ideas must bear their fruit in some other appreciative and practical mind. She needed a purpose or a necessity to lift her above the ordinarily accepted standard of excellence.

Kensel, younger by a few years, was even more pleasing. From his infancy his beauty had been influential in securing favor. He yielded easily to the wishes of others, and excused his learnings from principle with the grace of pleasantry. The world was to him as it seemed, bright as its surface-life. His mother failed in her estimate of his character from over fondness. Every one is said to have some delusion, and Mrs. Keldor had hers. Kensel was perfect in her eyes.

If all are merely the children of circumstance, we may be able thus early to discern from near influences and associations what shall be the character of their outgrowth in Ivy.

Mrs. Keldor recognized the groundwork principles, and to her was granted the average success and failure. The best we see falls so far short of perfection.



She believed that the various requirements of right training are the stems and branches of good sense and untiring love.

She believed that seeds are readily received into young hearts, and one thing is inevitable. Some influence of hers, either good or evil, would be brought by some one to harvest.

She believed that every laborer of to-day tills a vantage ground, and might, if he would, avoiding the mistakes of others, select and cultivate to richer increase their best thoughts and efforts.

Before the later development of Ivy's character, we will try to gather some of the impressions received from the lives of these people nearest to her, unrecognized as such by her in childhood, but looked upon afterwards as the things she always knew.

Bartholomew Fennhaven sat writing. At first the words fell from his pen as neither new nor strange. The kindlings of thought burned slowly, wavered wearily, then flamed in fascinating power. He felt their light and heat, and pleased himself that he could



fan their embers again into a glow when events should add new fuel for other times. Thus, by the power of mind over mind, he should lead others and be himself honored, because command was gained and held by intellect. Eagerly he strove to grasp the prophecy within him in its delineation. Strange, that just here he must be baffled by the unrevealed! Thus far and no farther, was a fiat resisting the power of human passion. He might recall the past as often as he willed; he might picture a future and desire to have what seemed grandest; but experience would tell only its own story, and possession its own cost.

In sight of a ship it is hard to realize that a small defect may wreck its fairest promise. Mrs. Keldor felt this, and said it, though her criticisms were barriers between herself and Bart.

The Commoners, who lived in Noskill Valley, said that young Fennhaven was a proud thing; but the Propriety family, who lived upon Reputation Heights, praised him, and carefully observed, "He seems a little



ambitious." Wren uncomfortably defended him at home against the latter charge, which came to her on evil wings.

"They are not generous! True nobility tries to lift up others."

Her mother answered her quietly,—

"They come short of greatness, as we do, from the want of large hearts and kindly eyes, and try to hold a position by disparagement of others, dwarfing the soul all the while."

"Don't you think Bart very noble?"

"He overestimates himself. A good man asks service, not honors."

"You forget that he has talents."

"The deeper the mine, the more demands for labor. Mental possessions should make us fear lest we fail to bring them to their uses. They are like other treasure—the material stored for the world's good. Though men come rudely with pick and spade they are to be opened. If they become sealed in the cowardly fear of being misunderstood, or used, as Bart intends, for self-advancement, they will be blessings lost."



Wren felt irritable as she listened. She knew Bart was wise and good, and thought Mr. Keldor's criticisms uncalled for. Her mother was too kind not to hold up also healing hopes.

"According to the largeness of the love you waken in him, will he receive finer sight. Profession is not so true an index to a holy love and purpose as are the quickened intuitions of duty. A man may daily compliment a woman; but when the inspiration she gives leads him to higher living, this is better praise."



## CHAPTER III.

### LATER YEARS AND A REVIVAL.

To hold much one must condense much, a human capacity is so small a thing. Ideas elaborate themselves, and growers and commentators have their work. All we want of these pages and people is to show how Ivy Fennhaven condensed lives into her own, and, in turn, tried to bless others with hers. Fighting against evil, she found it everywhere, and wildest in self; so that the work of discerning and resisting wrong in the world, seemed dependent on the work of discerning and resisting it in the heart.

After the words of connection in this chapter we have her new life begun. Bart and Wren are no longer in Lullfield. Together, elsewhere, they have their interests.

Kensel is radiant in the newly assumed



beauty of manhood, and his mother loves him with half-wonder.

For Ivy Mrs. Keldor has anxious thoughts. Through careful physical training, she has gained on life. Through inheritance and early impression, she is possessed with a spirit of emulation. Coming, thus, with body and mind to a consciousness of strength, an independence of character asserts itself. On the choices of her life depend eternity. The heart will lead, and thither will the growth tend.

At school Ivy has chosen a friend. Conscientious, and self-distrusting, submissive as a child to Ivy's dictation, Emily Hestate was, nevertheless, a preacher. To a person with eyes that see and ears that hear, her gentleness was an accuser, her purity a mirror, her giving place a condemnation.

Time was now pushing the friends out of the lap of tending, to walk alone. How they clung to childhood, as too sweet to leave, too dear to bury, though fascinated by the promises of manhood folded within them in budding ideals.



Were there no foreshadowings in them of the coming of a kingly guest? Day after day Ivy had seen without "beholding the goodness of the Lord," in his providence and in the written Word, but she had not come to the glass with open face, for between it and herself was her own indifference. Though truths pressed close upon her had been revealing lights, they went out and her eyes were turned away.

The Rev. Holfast Weir had preached for years in Lullfield the gospel of principle. Christ was to him the source and example of right. There was something grand in his hold upon this one idea. It lifted him above other men out of the influence of policy. Is it right? was the question applied by him to smallest actions and opinions. A new thought had come to the same test. He had wanted a staunch people able to stand in their integrity. But in silence? Were living men and women to be dumb, standing only like granite pillars for the truth? Was it right?

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, flutter-



eth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord did lead him."

Many of the modes of revival effort had been distasteful to him, because the unreliable too often displays itself in choice and borrowed expressions. In his own experience he knew there was no satisfaction so great as that which comes from trying to win souls to Jesus. He had learned also that the servant was called to put away personal irritation when his methods failed to bring about the same results in different individuals, and he wanted to be of the number who, honoring other men's work for Christ, in this honored the Master also. Conservatism would always shake its discretionary head at the birth of truth and perhaps come afterward to uphold it in its maturity. Radicalism must therefore make its brave charges against fortified evil, and leave the work in slower hands of holding possession and repairing the ruins of victory. These considerations, born of desire to defraud no man, caused Mr. Weir to in-



vite to his pulpit a young layman, who threw fire-brands from his brain, and quivered in pain when they were thrown back. Critics saw mistakes in Mr. Weir's action, in the preaching, in all the means used, in the manners of our Lullfield friends, but souls, touched and healed, saw *Jesus*.

In his first evening discourse, young Devier charged against what he considered the pulpit idea of the ministry. His theme was The Demand for Eligible Positions. His style was that of a man who compacts his thought to hit hard, and shocks the unprepared senses by throwing out suddenly passionate words without regard to the effect produced by a persuasive exordium. He gave his subject and began: "The demand for position is stifling to spiritual life, and is begun in the training schools. The implied importance of soul-saving is not enough. The preparation for prevailing with men by prevailing with God is overlooked. Jacob was not half a man without the experience of his power with God. Very few men are educated on their knees, consecration to the



ministry is such a different thing from consecration to work for Jesus at any cost. The appraisal of talents by popularity and money standards, is the worm-eaten foundations on which men think to build and secure eternal treasure. There should be less caring for the fate of a sermon and more for the fate of a soul; less pride in presenting fine addresses and more laying aside from the gilded wraps of embellishment; a sharpening of these weapons of conflict and a knowledge of soul needs to be gained by the craving of a heart to know God.

Some sermons seem made as children string beads. Upon a time length is first put a pattern idea. The similar ones are selected from the man's reading and placed in the order of a generally received standard. And people select complacently as tastes dictate these ornamental imitations of gospel truth without seeing that a necklace in the beginning may mean spiritual strangulation in the end, while the yoke and the burden shall be made strength and eternal blessedness.

Personal pride in ability weaves the web



of idealities for the imagination and the rougher fabric of abstractions for the reasoning intellect, while the soul of the hearer will freeze and starve till the servants bring forth the best robe and he feeds upon the bread in the Father's house.

The realization of warfare is intensified by putting on the armor, by taking the sword, and by going out to battle. Effectual prayer goes up from sense of need. The man craves battle-scars rather than indulgences while souls are to be released from bondage. Happy is he if sent forth to preach suffering reproach outside the camp of ease and respectability, for the Lord will go with him confirming the truth."

In closing Mr. Devier added, "The form of prayer avails nothing with God, but holy desire and purpose fail not of their answer. Now may it be known in Heaven that somewhere from among this people prayer has left its shackles and has gone up to receive fulfillment of pledge. Let us pray."

"I wish Wren was here," said Ivy Fenn-



haven to her friend Emily as she was leaving her on her way home.

"You didn't speak of the sermon. Didn't you think it was true—that is, most of it?" asked Emily, who was not skilled in the art of dissimulation.

"Supposing it was?" was Ivy's reply.

The spoken wish happened this time to be prophetic. Wren had come while Ivy was at meeting. As she drew her near to see her face, Ivy twisted her mouth to defy her scrutiny, but Wren saw the sober, thoughtful look, that did not vanish wholly even at the unexpected meeting. The faith in her expressed in Wren's greeting had a momentary healing in it. She called her by the name of early endearment,—

"Why, Twiner!"

Wren was as wide awake as a new comer. She said Bart had sent her. She was getting homesick; and when she first told him he resented it a little, then insisted upon her coming. She rather thought it would do him good to come too, for the sake of being a Lullfield visionary again. He



couldn't come, and she meant to enjoy a relief from proprieties.

Parish matters and family economies were her themes till late into the evening. Ivy by this time had laughed off her seriousness; and when Mrs. Keldor asked, "How was the sermon received to-night?" she was just in the mood to have a girl's fun at the expense of her neighbors.

"Flourishy Avirygifts spread out his hands, and said, 'That is what I call preaching,' and Mrs. Somers said s just as often as she could for the sake of lipping, 'A preacher's thoughts are thimiliar to other men's. It ith thurprithing how much Mr. Devier thuppothes he ith capable of thaying.' Thuch ith the mind of thweet thithter Thomers."

There is something truly impressive in the coming together, for successive days, of the same people, to hear the same gospel they have long listened to, and to note its new interest for them. The days following Mr. Devier's Wednesday evening lecture were days of prayer in Lullfield. On Sunday Mr.



Weir announced that Mr. Aftercombie, an evangelist who was laboring near them in Takewell, would preach for them Tuesday morning.

The day came. The little meeting-house was full. Individuals, each with a personal nature and a personal experience of life, sat side by side with differing senses and opinions, to be reached by the power, not of the preacher, but by the Spirit of the Lord that he bore in his heart toward them. And the same Spirit, in its intimate and personal knowledge of each hearer, spake inwardly to him or to her. Capacity, character, organization, never wholly laid aside in nature, met on the common ground of human sin and human craving, where contrition and faith learn from whence the healing blood flows.

Mr. Aftercombie's text, "To-day if ye hear my voice harden not your hearts," seemed to set apart that Tuesday as different from other days. In Ivy's mind these appeared as a shelf full of books, evenly arranged, with one drawn half way out, bearing the unmistakable tide of To-day.



The sermon was a meagre production of mind, as men say. Its nature was that of an impassioned appeal. Momentary sympathy and antagonisms had their share in effects; but whenever a heart received a message from God, the messenger became the angel entertained unawares. So that the kind of method and the number of talents ceases to be either the ground of boasting or of excuse.

Following the sermon was the test for evidence. "All who resolve to-day not to harden their hearts, are requested to rise."

Wren would probably stand, but would Ivy, who had resisted loving appeals, do this? Neither looked at the other. Wren sat and Ivy stood. Wren felt her sister's movement, but she made no visible motion. The language of her heart was, "Father, I thank thee. I dare not make this vow. I may harden my heart unknowingly. Let Ivy receive the blessing." "Satan triumphs over those who resolve to harden their hearts." These clanging words fell on the ear, and horrified eyes turned upon those who sat.



Ivy stood sincerely, like those who thinking they stand unheedingly fall.

"There will be a prayer meeting this evening, followed by an inquiry meeting."

On their way home Wren and Ivy planned to go again in the evening, and have Kensel go with them. His business kept him during the day at Grapper & Co.'s, in Battleway, but he came home at night, and would be at leisure.

In the afternoon, Ivy went to see why Emily Hestate did not go to hear the morning sermon. Emily's deferential way toward Ida was both touching and ludicrous. She asked about the meeting, and Ivy showed Mr. Aftercombie in various styles, changing as often as Emily formed a conclusion. To bewilder her out of her line of thought was easy, but she clung to points in a way peculiarly her own.

"I don't know whether I shall like him. I suppose—I shall think as you do. I hope he will—help me, for I am afraid I shall give it all up."

"Give what up?"



"Trying to know whether I am a — Christian."

"Why don't you know?" Ivy thrust the curious question in the face of Emily's genuine perplexity.

"Because I never knew when there was any change, but I think I care to do what is right more than I did, and wrong gives me more pain."

"I don't suppose you should think so much of what you do as of what Christ has done for you." Ivy spoke the words of direction gently, but her heart rose in defiance at the simplicity and weakness of Emily, who almost sobbed her reply,—

"I do try, but — he — seems — very — far off."

Ivy changed the subject, not apparently however.

"I wish Kensel would go to-night."

"He is going," replied Emily.

"How should you know?"

"He came here last night."

Ivy was icy in a moment. Her passion was increasing.



"To see you?"

"I think he did. He has been before. I like to have him come—he is much like you." Her words struggled on in spite of Ivy's vexation. Ivy stilled her face, remembered how late it was, and went away. What should she have said? She did not care. She meant to wound them both for not telling her before that they were growing dear to each other. She had often demanded that Emily should rejoice in the light of her joys, and mourn in the shadow of her griefs, and Emily never had failed her. Now she had been set aside, and would not add to their comfort and happiness by her participation. The temper of the steel in her would admit of a fine edge in sharpening, and Emily should feel it.

In this hateful mood, Wren found her on going up stairs. As she tried to find out what was the matter, Ivy turned upon her.

"Are you growing sleek and sanctimonious?"

Wren winced, then gathering her forces, met her squarely and steadily with the truth.



"You made a promise this morning, and you did right. Now you are breaking it, and doing wrong."

"I know it." Then quick in attack upon a weaker point, she added, "Kensel is going to be married, and the lady isn't attractive, and her position is not equal to his, and she has no Pickhartz blood in her veins!"

"Who is she?"

"Emily Hestate."

"Your friend?"

"Kensel's."

Wren's silence and painful surprise afforded Ivy a kind of grim satisfaction.

"Well?" This broke the spell, and both laughed. Wren concluded that all the Pickhartz pride did not center in their aunt Caroline. Then by questions she drew the story from Ivy in its truer delineations, and prepared herself and Ivy for the acceptance of what was hardly as yet probable.

"It is not an engagement. You say Emily is real in her goodness, not an imitation. She will learn anything that is expected of



her, and improve outwardly. Kensel's character will be deepened, and -so their dissimilarities will work for good. Don't fret yourself; whatever comes will be for the best. I'm glad you didn't tell mother. It is Kensel's place to do that. Come, childie, brush up your hair and bathe the color out of your face. It is almost meeting time."

"I don't feel fit to go."

When in meeting, Ivy forgot her vexations. One after another rose to speak and pray. Mr. Aftercombie sat and skillfully guided the current of feeling into prepared channels. These were methods which ensured certain results. Ivy was intensely interested. Wren was an unimpressed spectator. These people were her old acquaintances.

Samuel Olney spoke of past experience. Mr. Aftercombie interrupted,—“Glad to hear you longer, brother, if we had time. We wish to hear from many to-night.”

Timid Martin spoke in so low a tone that few could hear his testimony for Jesus. Mr. A. met his case. “If you haven't conse-



crated your voice to the Lord, do it to-night."

Several others were listened to. Where there would have been a pause, Mr. Aftercrombie said, "Should be glad to hear from the brother on the right."

Brother Ames responded ponderously. He was glad to be so highly favored as to have Mr. Aftercrombie among them. He thought all would agree with him that his labor in any church was an assurance of a blessing. He hoped that church would come in largely for a share. He had no doubt our brother would remain with them for a season, if his health would permit.

A hymn was sung: "Shall Jesus bear the cross alone?"

The Rev. Holfast Weir, with his knowledge of this waiting people, lingered at the throne with strong desire for one and another. Mr. A. remarked, "We hope the brethren will make their prayers short."

At the close of this meeting, opportunity was given for those who wanted to leave to do so. Among others passing out Wren



observed "Benediction" Palmer (named from his habit of putting his hand upon the children's heads with a "Bless you child, how you grow!"). Mr. Aftercombie remarked, "Let the chaff pass out, then we'll go on." Some one in the seats began the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." While the people were singing, Wren strove to throw off her lethargy, and unite in heart. She wondered at Ivy's evident interest, and when she saw Mrs. Bustelemer put her hand on the arm of a young man to detain him, she wondered curiously if it was like her usual sliding touch.

"Are you a Christian?" Mr. Aftercombie was passing from one to another, and addressed her.

"I think I am."

"Find out and be sure."

Wren was roused to save Ivy from his summary dealing. It was a quick thought. He was near her sister. She moved a little between and said,—

"We are waiting to see Mr. Weir."

Ivy in indecision shrank from him, and



aided her, but when he passed, was disappointed.

Wren said to Mr. Weir, who gave her his hand in welcome and inquiry, "Speak to Ivy."

Understandingly he turned to her. He saw how excited she was, and discriminated between outside influence and the voice of the Spirit. He saw in her glance towards Mr. Aftercombie that he fascinated her, and in her response to his question he detected higher interest. He reached out his hand and touched Mr. Aftercombie, motioning him to her.

Wren's face burned, for she had tried to prevent this. Mr. Weir smiled, in his unselfish unconsciousness, and said, "Cannot you speak to some who are waiting, and leave your cousin with God?" Wren watched him as he knelt beside the person from whom he had called Mr. Aftercombie, and indistinctly heard his words of prayer. Softened, she turned to see how she might be of use, and noticed Emily sitting alone near the door. She went to her, and spoke kind and sisterly words.



"Where is Kensel?" Wren asked.

"Outside, I think. I told him I must wait for Ivy, and he said he would come for us."

"You are Ivy's friend?"

"Yes. Will you tell me—do you think—is she interested?"

"I think she is."

"I am—very—glad." Emily did not say any more. Her eyes were intently fixed on Ivy. Not a motion escaped her attention till she saw Ivy coming toward them with her usual manner. Then she asked,—

"Won't she want you now?" But Ivy put her hand through Emily's arm, and left Wren to come with Kensel.

It was a night of revelation to Ivy. She wished to know and love Jesus. As she put away her long resistance, she was lifted up away from the struggle. Only the desire flowed over all and possessed her. Long after Wren was asleep she lay listening to the voice of the Spirit of God. Slipping quietly from her bed, she knelt to ask for



the gift of a new heart. What she sought seemed already hers, and the intended prayer was, instead, a song of thanksgiving. When she closed her eyes for sleep, joy kissed their lids to opening. As she opened them, joy dazzled them to closing, and her lips were dewy with its inhalations. Nor did the blessed presence leave her for days. Infinite Love had healed with touches.



## CHAPTER IV.

### VOICES.

MR. AFTERCOMBIE was urged by Mr. Weir to a longer stay in Lullfield, for the pastor felt that above and beyond the human, there was another power at work. The number of converts numbered forty, and Mr. Weir felt that if only a few of these were truly such converts as enter upon a life of conflict with indwelling selfishness, the result must silence the condemnation of those who are merely quiescent. As the labor of watching and guiding fell largely upon the pastor, he often had occasion to feel the responsibility of this part of the work for the Master, and to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

The experience of Ivy Fennhaven was in his view highly imaginative. She had so



many sides to her character it was hard to tell just where to find her. He was more confident that Emily Hestate, with her slower and more persistent nature, would be likely to have fewer steps to retrace, and would grow in grace steadily.

At the end of one year, however, neither had a more definite idea of Christian life than that Heaven was secure and the way thither was an easy one.

The young people were again addressed and stimulated by Mr. Devier, who believed that the love of ease was a miasma poisoning the moral atmosphere. As usual with him he spoke imperatively, like a man with a fever in his veins.

"I have no idea of what you intend to make as men and women. Perhaps none of you care to know, but every one ought to have a work to do, and he may know what it is. A calling is made plain to some by an early inward conviction. Every one of you have faults, deficiencies, and faculties: you are to cure the first, make up the second, and use the third. Let it be your



aim to serve God with your best effort and treasure in your place, and it will become holy ground. Expect the doors of usefulness to open to you as you come up to them through desire and preparation. Help others as you grow, and you will grow as you help others.

“Do not grieve over your discouragements, but lift up your eyes and see that the Lord has great designs. He brings through his own processes different materials for use, and you are in His thoughts. The more largely you draw upon Him for light and help, the better. He knows the effects of condition upon human mechanism, and circumstances are under His control. Misdirection, as well as misuse, strains and distorts. Obedience to human dictation, against the Divine, is slavish. The refusal of the human when it agrees with the Divine is perversity. To accept written Revelation, without a sense of its adaptation to your nature, or the voices of nature as complete without written Revelation, is partial blindness; for God shows himself in his creations and in his Word.



*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* If you would know what this means, put away wrong doing, in each day's journey, as you would remove the filth from your carriage windows, for in the Lord's highway he may be seen in works of marvelous beauty and power. Clearer than any who have gazed upon him, you may see him. Think of a life coming up thus into God's likeness!

"You will not fight a perfect fight, in the sight of which you can ever boast, but you may carry home battle-scars, and proclaim, 'The Lord is King!'

"Say to Satan and selfishness, 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' Let us pray."

"Do you know what is your calling, Emily?" asked Ivy this Sunday evening.

"I suppose I belong to the commonplace multitude, who come and go like the leaves without knowing."

"Nonsense! What is your ambition?"

"To be—a blessing to Kensel."

"That's tame, but I confess to a soft fas-



cination in the idea. Mr. Devier stirred up questions in me to-night which have been in me always. What is one to do when a wish is out of reach, and does not seem to be within the range of possibility?"

"If you really set yourself to seeking what is good, I think it must come to you."

After Emily had left her, Ivy stood in solemn thought. It was possible to miss her work. She might never attain to a perfect womanhood in Christ Jesus; but the consciousness of having tried, would compensate for many mistakes and failures. As the sense of this came to her, the burden of responsibility rolled heavily upon her in forecast. It would grow lighter if bravely met and rightly carried. If she had no life-work, her powers would become enfeebled and her field a waste. Truly she wished to sow some seeds of holy effort. She remembered what had been told her of her mother's restlessness. Why was she always dissatisfied? She thought of Bart's ambition, Kensel's worldliness, Emily's purity, Mr. Weir's principle, Mr. Devier's feverish zeal. It seemed as if



a purpose held in check other desires and concentrated the energies. Again, for herself, she acknowledged God's claims above all others; but this was not the question now. She wanted a place among the laborers. She knew she could better hear God's voice speaking to her, if her turbulent thoughts and wishes would only make for Him a silence.

Another train of thought almost startled her. Why think of God as opposed to the best desire of her heart, and bent upon crushing it? Were not the children's wishes dear to the Father? Would not he delight to grant his smile upon a right purpose, and open it higher and broader forever? Perhaps her calling had been made plain by the early inward conviction. Into God's ear alone could she speak it: "True greatness, I want to comprehend and possess it." And the Teacher outlined the steps for a beginner:

For the morning, the courage girding.

For the day, the strong endeavor.

For the night, the saddening retrospect.



For the times when God flashes his light upon the work, wonder and blessedness.

She never before felt her weakness as she did standing thus in the presence of the High and Holy. She whispered, "Only a child," then everywhere around her the moonbeams wrote in tender and awful majesty, *And I am God.*



## CHAPTER V.

### NOT OUR WAYS.

MONDAY looked in early at the windows, calling sharply for workers. Indolence plausibly wishes Martha would stay out and let Mary worship. But Monday is as inexorable in its demands as a busy, sharp-tongued woman. "Get ready for the Lord. It's a poor kind of religion that makes slumbering blocks for the laborers to stumble over!"

In Ivy's heart there is fair weather. Her tornadoes of passion did not often uproot settled principles, and her respect for Emily had firm foundations.

As it came to be a settled thing in the family that Kensel had chosen her to be his wife, each member of it did her part to make the best of what seemed to all an unusual attachment. Miss Caroline Pick-



hartz had a great curiosity, from what had been said, to see Emily, and arranged a little dinner party at her own house, while Emily was visiting a friend in Battleway. Kensel, Ivy, Emily, and her friend Fanny Throwin, were her guests. Emily was very quiet, only seeming to notice the abandon of the others with a wondering pleasure. As Kensel went from dinner, Ivy called Emily to the window to watch him on the street, as women will. Joyous in youthful manliness, just then lifting his hat to them in mock gravity, he was truly a living picture of health and beauty.

"His eyes have the look of the sea in them when the sun shines," said Ivy, almost involuntarily.

Emily thought with a pleased smile that there were no treacherous ocean depths in his love for her. Another woman slow to learn that faith in the human still needs surer anchorage.

Emily and Fanny left earlier than Ivy, she promising to join them at five o'clock.

Miss Pickhartz had been curious. Now



she was annoyed. Hitherto she had regarded Kensel with special favor. His mother's youngest sister herself, she had been a kind of older companion with Wren and Kensel. Between Ivy and herself there had always been a peculiar antagonism, but in natural traits of character they were much alike.

"What a strange choice for Kensel to make!" was her first remark after Emily had gone.

Ivy had thought the same thing before, but was getting reconciled to the idea. She replied, rather laconically,—

"Quite a remarkable discovery."

Without noticing Ivy's reply, Miss Pickhartz continued,—

"She is almost apologetic in her manner. How could you say she would be a help to Kensel?"

"She has high thoughts."

"Why don't she speak them, then, or something else?" Miss Pickhartz laughed derisively.

"She didn't understand the market value of shams, probably."



"I am disappointed in her. Kensel might have known there couldn't be anything made out of her. I hate to see any one take up her thoughts and look at them before she can speak. It is like a constant exposure of nothing but conscience. Kensel might have looked higher, and married position."

"Would you have a man marry your standing in society, or your inheritance?"

"Such things have an influence," composedly replied Miss Pickhartz, "and there is a fitness in things, a belonging, that should always be considered; and you will understand it when you grow older."

"I would test the quality of character to find nobility."

"That sounds like a Pickhartz. Nobility is instinct when born well."

"I don't suppose I take the word in the sense you do, Aunt Caroline."

"I know you would have nothing tangible."

"I'd have pure motives, great purposes."

"Then you'd be obliged to go about distributing moral telescopes, so that those who live below might be able to see high things."



Ivy recoiled from the sneer. It never pays to barter away our faith in good for Satan's small coin of scorn because we like to use it. Before this mirror of herself Ivy checked her contemptuous curl of lip, and answered nothing.

"Go on, child. I'm really pleased with you. I didn't know you ever talked so well; but your mother was a remarkable woman. Be sure you look higher than she did when you marry."

"Aunt Caroline, I shall marry the man I love, if he wants me, whether he be king or footman!"

"If you didn't get so flushed and angry your manner would be almost queenly. May didn't know how to bring you up."

"Then why didn't you take me?"

"Tinder and flint, dear, might burn my house."

The lovers were very happy with each other. Kensel held Emily's conscientious notions as he did his mother's, very right and proper in a woman, and yielded apparent



assent. Emily expanded in the experience of completeness, and talked so easily to Kensel, that Ivy declared that if love was such a revolutionizer of nature, she should watch herself with new interest when her tongue should be silenced and her fluency changed to muddling, for she should know then that love had happened to her.

"Emily, won't it be funny, how I shall upset Aunt Caroline's precepts in etiquette! I shall linger long in *transitu*, I shall follow him blindly after he has left me half way down the street, and I shall forget to give my hand, in the conveyance of the idea that I respect myself. How I shall blunder!"

"Then love won't be the improvement to you that you say it is to me," laughed Emily.

"Yes, it will. It will divest me of shams."

"You'll be a darling, anyway," said Emily, with girlish admiration.

"Emily, do you realize that these days of preparation are going just as we used to fly down street, regular hop-skip?"



"It seems to me you are doing it all just as you used to then."

"Bustle always reigns and triumphs, you chicken! All the while you are tucking in the stitches as regularly as the clock ticks and as effectively. Say, shall you make a three weeks' visit at Fanny Thowin's, beforehand?"

"Yes, I promised her I would."

"I shall be in Battleway hovering round about that time. I like to quarrel with Aunt Caroline."

Miss Pickhartz felt fully competent to manage Ivy a little. She graciously attended to her when she was self-composed, and grew severe in reserve when Ivy made a spectacle of herself in mimicry and loquacity. This was a peculiar kind of discipline, but Ivy knew it to be management, nevertheless, and rebelled accordingly.

"Aunt Caroline, where is the use in being cramped? If I am not considerate in my heart toward a person, it is acting a lie to lay myself out to appear to be so."



"Your self-respect demands that you be a lady under all circumstances."

"I wish you could set before me a higher motive. I can see how it is important to get the genuine article of consideration in the heart, and then it will act for itself."

"You wouldn't want to inconvenience yourself by such sincerity. It isn't necessary."

"Don't people know when you act a lie?"

"It is of no consequence if they do. I have not compromised myself."

"Aunt Caroline, if that is politeness, I don't want it. I'd rather look at my words as Emily does. She does not speak half as much kindness as she feels."

"How she shines in society! So you are walking in her light! If I couldn't be a Pickhartz, I wouldn't be a goose."

Ivy concluded to go back to Lullfield that night, and said as she went out,—

"I'm going to see Emily," and added, maliciously, "to get more light. If I don't come back here before seven, you may conclude I've gone home."

"Do whatever pleases you," graciously re-



sponded her aunt, "even to the making of my house your home."

Ivy thanked her, and said, "I belong to Auntie May." But the bait was tempting, city life in society and luxury. She had been both flattered and made angry, for her Aunt Caroline had a magnetism about her that appealed to scepticism and self-will. Whoever talked with her, became, for the time, shrewd and selfish, so that holy purpose lost its power and goodness its enchantments.

As Ivy walked from her house, she almost persuaded herself that after Kensel was married, Auntie May would live with him, and would like to have her go to Aunt Caroline's. She saw that money and training gave worldly advantage, and Miss Pickhartz' niece would have both. Already, in imagination, she tasted the sweets of conquest and smiled sham smiles of fascination.

Is trial curse when bruising chosen wheat for finer using?

As she was planning, two young men passed her. Ivy started violently. Both



were unmanned by drinking. Was one of them Kensel? She would have given worlds to have been mistaken. Kensel Keldor, the son of a Pickhartz, his mother's idol! She stopped, then remembered she was in the street, and went on. Where should she go? To Emily? Home to his mother? She prayed to God to tell her what to do, then gathered up her strength and thought. Then she went into a store, took a card from her pocket, leaned against the counter, and wrote :

"EMILY :—Shall not come to you to-night. Am called to watch with a friend. Will come to you in the morning. I met Kensel. Shall try to persuade him to go with me to-night. IVY."

She rang at Fanny's door, fearing that she or Emily would see her, but a stranger answered the bell, and took the card. Back to her Aunt Caroline's she went, and told her in a few words that Kensel must not go home, nor to Emily, and asked if he might



come there. Miss Pickhartz did not seem to regard the fault as one particularly aggravating, and gave her consent. Thus relieved, Ivy went in search of Kensel. She knew he would be at Grapper & Co.'s at six if at all. Yet he might take the cars for Lullfield before she could prevent. When she reached the store he had just come in. She went to him quietly, as if nothing had happened, and said,—

"Aunt Caroline wants you to come up early to tea. Come."

By the power of her excited will, with her hand through his arm, she led him. Once she paused, speaking to a clerk near the door. "If Mr. Grapper inquires for Mr. Keldor, please say that he went out with his sister."

In the street Kensel began to have a will of his own in the matter. "It's early yet—I come up bye and bye, if I don't go home."

"I left word you know at the store." Clinging to his arm, she led him with diverting words.

"I met you this afternoon with a young man. Who was he?"



"Jim Bulrush. He's first cut—jolly fellow. 'Squire Bulrush is his father—old family—date back to the time of Moses. Blood, you see. I say, Sis, good match for you."

Ivy shivered at the thought.

As soon as Ivy had gone from her, Miss Pickhartz had blamed herself for letting her go. She ordered her carriage, and followed quickly. She met Kensel and Ivy in good time, and drove them home, congratulating herself that she had saved exposure.

After the coming of stillness in the house that night, a ministering angel might have been repelled by the expression of hard unrest in the eyes of Miss Pickhartz as she lay upon her bed. Had Kensel been her son, she would have had a feeling of tenderness towards him; but as she thought of May's softer nature, which had been ascribed to religion, she said to herself, "Perhaps now she will be sharpened by that which is cruel as I have been." Not that she looked upon the boy's slip as anything, but May would.



As Kensel slept heavily in another room, with no sin mark on his fair face save a deepened color, the silence seemed full of warning and of mercy. Unresisted sin destroys like fire! There is time left yet for repentance, time yet for repentance.

God's messengers linger in Ivy's room. They have received a charge concerning a believer. Kneeling, with her face in her hands, the child-woman tries to pray. She sees nothing but the scenes she had that day passed through. Over and over again the scathing pictures rise. At every repetition of the shame, she quivers. But in her suffering she had thrown herself upon God. Though sorrow could not be divested of its scorching, it would not consume. The Refiner Himself was watching over a human soul, and as He drew closer to the believer in her need, and leaned tenderly over a soul in anguish, it caught His image. Wait, ye angels of His that do His pleasure till He bid you minister!

Ivy went back to Emily in the morning, who met her saying,—



"I'm glad you've come. I knew you were always kind to the sick, but I worried about you. Perhaps I ought not. How is your friend. I think you said a friend."

"Better; but you are not to ask me about last night at all."

"I won't, since you are so afraid of self-praise, on condition that I may nurse you to-day. If you didn't seem so quiet, I shouldn't think you were sick."

"I am strong, only tired. I will stay with you half an hour, but I am going home at eleven."

Emily tried to persuade her to stay; but Ivy wanted new strength and wisdom, and she had heard Mr. Weir say that these came sooner to him who in his own place was patiently doing his best.

The desire to become Mrs. Keldor's blessing was born from that night of sorrow. The unobtrusive watchfulness to shield which constitutes the glory of real tenderness was carried in her heart from this time. When Auntie May should need a staff to lean upon, she must be strong. When she needed heal-



ing faith, when her confidence in everything should be shaken, hers must be in waiting to the fullest possibility. As she thought of Kensel's endearing qualifications, she wanted to possess the like, so that if he ever disappointed his mother, she might not be altogether bereaved. She put away the memory of her wish to share the luxury of Aunt Caroline's home, with shame, and prayed to be made brave and beautiful, to be given that fitness, whatever it might be, to fill the place in Auntie May's heart next to Jesus.

With all her care to keep the knowledge of Kensel's sin from Mrs. Keldor and Emily, it was sure to be felt by those so near to him, although his fault never occasioned public attention. They were too sensitive on this point to talk much against intemperance. They looked rather to those who never sinned nor suffered in this way for relief, but found that the untouched were culpably dumb on this subject. Perhaps good men look to the wrong doers to right themselves in this matter. As if they ever did in anything else! Where is the public



voice that shall stop the manufacture of Deathgrapple? It may not come first and loudest from those who shrink from tearing open a personal wound for the curious to see. The appeal is a silent one from these, to the men and women who never touch the unclean thing, to come out and be separate—to right the wrong. Shallow professors of religion and of temperance will fail. Only the truly righteous and truly temperate can prevail for the salvation of our country. The call is for the pure in heart who do not become part and parcel with vice when they come in contact with it. Let us have fines and duties heavy enough to sink the trade, increasing in proportion to the quantity of Fiendfrolic made, till the supply is cut off. Then it will be easier to protect the weak and baffle the reckless. Muscle, Principle, Godliness, to the front! Sufferers on their knees in secret places will call upon God to inspire you, while the redeemed shall yet praise you and stand as witnesses to your fidelity.

The preparations for the wedding were



apparently postponed. There was reason enough, for Emily was sick. Ivy was often impatient with her, and kept trying to set things in order.

"'Tis these tearing emotions of ours that make such a havoc in these clay tenements. But then people needn't be sick under every cloud. Why don't they open the umbrella of prevention when it is serviceable? and when the foundations are shaken, shut it down and convert it into a walking-stick of fortitude." This was one of the sermons Ivy preached to Emily in her days of weariness.

Emily half smiled, half sighed.

"'I've been a thinking,' as Brother Crow-much says, that you had better be married quietly on the day appointed. You need give yourself no anxiety about the fixings. We'll write a programme of displays intended, and have it read to a few who will give a little publicity to it, as what might have been."

Emily shook her head. Ivy was in a talking mood, and persisted till the matter under consideration grew serious.



"Why not then, if ever, Emily?"

"As well as—ever—perhaps—but it must be—never."

"Why, Emily Hestate! Kensel loves you."

"I know he does."

"Overtaken in a fault does not mean given up to it. You will help Kensel to do better, and establish him in good."

Again Emily shook her head.

"You don't want to save him!" said Ivy excitedly. At sight of the hopelessly patient face she stopped. "I don't mean it. Emily,—I know you honor him."

"I don't—honor—now, and it isn't right for me to be—his wife."

Ivy was silenced. In unimpassioned meekness she had decided. Emily, usually so yielding, had taken a position beyond her. When Ivy spoke again, she asked with a kind of reserved pride,—

"May I know why it is not right for you to be Kensel Keldor's wife?"

Emily answered humbly, "It is written, 'Be ye not unequally yoked, the believer with the unbeliever.'"



Ivy's pride made her say, "I think I must have read it, and didn't know what obedience meant."

"My decision came too slowly—to be called—by that name."

Ivy went about the room, disturbing several articles as if arranging them. She thought she would go home without another word, as she used to do when vexed with Emily. Her hand was upon the door, but before she closed it after her she blurted out,—

"I have deserved to be exiled. I respect you with all my heart."



## CHAPTER VI.

### PECULIAR VIEWS.

MR. JEROME BULRUSH, the father of Kensel's friend, was a highly respectable man, tall, dark, and willowy, with a sauvity that suggested benign vanity, and imperfect penetration. The desire of his life was for popularity. Belonging to the class called carnivorous, with a fleshy appetite for other men's honors, he was always devising alongside projects, in order to get a share of public praise. While the successful became the food of this fraternizing brother, he did not forget as a politician to patronize his possible constituents.

Nothing could happen more naturally than that Kensel should be invited by James to his father's house. Mr. Bulrush cordially expressed his pleasure, at the same time giv-



ing him a would-be penetrating look, for his eye-sight was poor, and his appetite large. Upon after thought, as he sat stroking the sides of his face and looking at his taper hand, he concluded that this young man possessed advantages from which to draw. He seemed to be respectable and fine looking, (both creditable in an associate), lively and intelligent, (also agreeable in society). He would inquire of James as to his prospects and property.

As the attractions of Kensel's person were more clearly revealed to Mr. Bulrush's mental vision upon acquaintance, he became convinced that attentions here would be well invested. In assisting Mr. Bulrush to these conclusions, Mrs. Bulrush asked her usually first question, "Is he married?" This being answered by James, the second, "Is he engaged?" received a doubtful answer. James knew no more than that there had been an engagement and a talk of preparation for housekeeping; but for some reason Kensel had withheld his confidence upon this point, probably because he (James) had laughed at



the lady's appearance. Then followed other questions, suggested by this information, relating to the young lady. After a hearty laugh at her son's description of Emily's peculiarities, Mrs. Bulrush remarked,—

"It is too absurd to think of—it will never be a match," adding, meditatively, "He certainly is very fine looking." She then looked at Mr. Bulrush, by way of changing the subject, and asked,—

"Don't you think Maria had better come home?"

"I have been thinking for some time that I wish she would content herself here."

"I'll write for her to-day. I want her to decide about her winter dresses."

Accordingly her mother wrote: "Don't be peevish, and stay away. The handsomest young man you ever saw calls frequently to see James."

Maria Bulrush came home. She was like the young ladies one meets everywhere. She was a finely-proportioned walking clothes-frame, with distracted hair, that never knows how it is to be fixed, the fashions change



so. Within the woman's nature, no doubt, slumbered capabilities to bless, which might have been her crown of rejoicing, and never were.

An acquaintance between Kensel and Maria grew under fostering circumstances. The father and mother at first accord full freedom and cordiality, taking care to bring the parties together. Later they resort cautiously to the stimulation of restraint. They had considered Mr. Keldor as James' friend. It was not so easy to reconcile themselves to the thought of his being Maria's friend. Besides, Mrs. Bulrush considered Maria such a treasure! She approbated her now in everything, and repeated her doings and sayings with the fondest appreciation to Kensel. To her friends she spoke of Kensel's attractions, and observed with a little laugh, that he was so much in love with Maria as to be almost beside himself. In short, Mrs. Bulrush was one of the wildest of pirates on the seas of intrigue, and would at the same time have opened her eyes in amazement if any one had suggested that only a few grains



of real principle would have caused her a few uncomfortable reflections.

As for Maria, she considered an early marriage the most flattering recognition of the charms of a young lady.

Kensel's pride had been wounded by Emily's conscientiousness, and the importance now attached to his slightest movement was effectual to its healing. Besides, a show of triumph over Emily would everywhere hide his discomfort.

Ivy would have carried a high head in this change of affairs, had she not been engaged in calling upon her powers of discrimination to define Mrs. Keldor's unusual exaltation. It was not dignity, in the sense of a reserve often set up, as such, by the self-conscious. Mrs. Keldor's bearing, as she passed through the trial of a son's unworthiness, suggested a higher definition. In her submissive and solemn walk through the sorrow she had entered into the realization of the Eternal Goodness. Her's was the dignity of kinship, the quiet of assured adoption. It was no marvel that Ivy, who



had looked to see her broken and leaning on something earthy, watched her reverentially, for the lesson taught in such passages of human history disclose the secrets of a soul walking with God. Ivy's prayer for fitness to become Mrs. Keldor's blessing, next to Jesus, was being answered thus: through the growth of an exceeding love as she watched her, which would in time lead her to apprehend that for which she also was apprehended.

These, then, were the results that followed after seed sowing: To Kensel and Maria, a satisfactory alliance; to Mr. and Mrs. Bulrush, an ostentatious satisfaction; to Emily, Ivy, and Mrs. Keldor, that something beyond all earthly gain which God gives to His beloved.

Since Kensel had been in business he had from habit allowed that strict integrity and Christian principles were the best foundation for success in life, but always with a mental reservation. Such ideas he considered the proper ones for women, but they did not hold good in a man's experience. Certain



deviations from the exact line of truth and honesty were necessary to the making of money and to the gaining of popularity. He felt himself, at times, hindered from taking immediate possession of some favor of Fortune by the home precepts, of which he could not entirely rid himself, and upon which he therefore invariably laid the blame of any mischance.

Mr. Bulrush had his opinions also, which coincided with Kensel's in substance, but which were elaborated in phrases that were high-sounding and religious. It was a curious study to mark the contradiction between the man's head-work and the direction in which the heart led him. He could talk theology with solemnity, and indulge in self-accusation on account of his continual wanderings from duty, but at the same time he followed in practice all the ways of the world, and would say to Kensel,—

"One must keep up with the times to be respected," adding, as he stroked his chin, "Of course character is something."

With such help, Kensel grew faster in his



peculiar ideas. He began to think that Christianity was a respectable thing, if it did not disturb the general flow of prosperity and ostentation. A fair show in the flesh was the very best of capital. When things went wrong, especially, his father-in-law fell into a kind of lamentation over his trials, and had no doubt there was profit in them, if he could but see it. Kensel would have been willing to have been converted, and carried the world, the flesh, and the devil, in the same way alongside his religion. So he promised himself that he would get rich first, and then be converted, and enjoy himself in this world secure of the next. The first thing was to get rich. After many consultations with Mr. Bulrush, it came about through influence and investment that Kensel was admitted into the firm of Grapper & Co. as junior partner. With his wife he enjoyed the city better than the stupid country place, and they made themselves therefore a home in Battleway, after having boarded to their hearts' content, for the novelty of it. They were constantly getting tired of things, and



devising new methods to attain something else,—then fretted like children because there was something distasteful and vexatious in all their possessions; but they were not the only people who are making love to some Gypsey Allura.



## CHAPTER VII.

### ALTAR FIRES.

LULLFIELD in midsummer leaves not a sense ungratified. Beauty and health are in her keeping, and unutterable things. Come with all your principles set against dreamy indolence, and take one glance through the blinds, for the noonday sun is too hot to have them opened. Presently your brave army of axioms and resolves are farther from you. They are floating, floating, away on the wings of every influence. The butterfly dreamily drinks the sunshine like a woman loved; the staid green corn stands as still as if its only mission was to point its tassled index finger up to God; the enviable elm in its reaching glory, hushes the beholder with its silent psalm; the closely-cut fields reveal the satisfaction of burdens borne and



harvested upon their sun-burnt faces. Their rest is best.

After Kensel was settled in Battleway, and Emily had gone to the West for the restoration of mind and body, Ivy was left much alone with nature, and loved its teachings. Miss Pickhartz was in Lullfield, as was usual with her in the summer, and Mrs. Keldor was not so dependent upon Ivy for companionship. Ivy rarely talked with her Aunt Caroline without a battle of words, which she would have thoroughly enjoyed had Mrs. Keldor approved her sharpness. Data Hill, therefore, became her frequent resort. It had not been modernized, but was covered with poor grasses, and at the top, with heavy pines and blackberry bushes. Half way down, on the side toward the house, there was a clump of birch trees, which shimmered and blinked in the sunlight with indefatigable intentions of growth. It was usually in sight of these that Ivy thought and thought, till she remonstrated with herself for having nothing to do.



But all this time of summer musing, was not, perhaps, a waste, for in it Ivy became possessed with a desire for an active life. At present it might not be right to leave Mrs. Keldor alone, but principles and theories should be allowed to clamor to be put into real work, till she grew to understand to what she was called, and now the questions, What to do? What to be? assumed their importance. They were hard to answer, and harder to silence. To a child's recognition years before, of Bart's hopes, she tried to add a woman's analyzation, that she might form a plan for herself. It seemed as if the foundation desire for greatness was in some sense common to every one, and from this began the diversities. She remembered how differently the persons she knew looked at the same things. Kensel and Maria considered it a great thing to have plenty of money and extravagances. Aunt Caroline also had a keen interest in investments, so that her schemes had yielded her not only money, but the reputation of being a skillful woman. But to her, money was the only



accessory to intelligence, refinement and social position. Auntie May cared for none of these things. She was absorbed in the idea of right-being and had become a living exemplification of Mr. Weir's sermons. Bart put ease and distinction too near the head of his desirables, and was growing manifestly selfish as far as these were concerned. If, instead, he had sought only service, the result would not have troubled him. Looking about in a general way, it seemed as if the aggressive people were those who got things mixed up and carried points, rather than principles, through opposition; while those with large perception, seeing too much attendant upon the commitment of self, were fearfully hindered from taking responsibility. The latter class, it seemed, in personal dread of blunder often were seen in the end to have been guilty of the gravest errors.

Ivy's reasoning in this brought her to the Word of God, where she oftenest found the combination and adjustment of theories. She saw that great principles require great apprehension, and thus the jot and the tittle



assume large proportion as a part of the Law. Then follows that heart-obedience must take the place of the spirit of legality, that one must delight in the narrow way which threads in and out through motive and inclination, lest the children of God forget their freedom and complain of restraint. She knew that out of loving obedience grew better knowledge, and from knowledge thus obtained grew better obedience. She was sure now that Bart was wrong when he said, "a woman couldn't be much, anyway," for doing and learning were for all, as long as the Infinite held out the beckoning hand of invitation.

Ivy did not learn nor act upon these thoughts quickly. At times she was impatient and tried to force circumstances. Then she would grow quiet and watchful, and say to herself, "I am waiting to know."

She didn't realize how much such faith was worth, until she found herself contending with Reason, to which she was led by new experiences.

Lullfield was the keeper of other individ-



ual histories full of interest, if we could bring them out of the burial-ground of generalities. Sometimes people do this for themselves, simply because they cannot help being impressive. Richard Ferrit was one of these. It was in vain that he tried to hold himself unnoticed, for people would wonder about him, and feel themselves baffled. His seeing, gray eyes penetrated to the consciousness of the observed without being intrusive. The iron gray hair had a positiveness of its own, defying the frosts. Usually quiet, the quickness of his movement surprised one. His smile was a face-light more persuasive than trustworthy, because it was under the control of his will. His manners were noticeable for their simplicity and his actions by their effectiveness, so that he possessed to an uncommon degree, the power of attraction and repulsion. He comes into the family history, after a season of having nothing to do with it, in his own individuality. Years before, when Caroline Pickhartz was young, he, understanding her pride, would in no sense accept her patronage. He re-



quired in a woman, the feeling of respect and equality just precisely as he gave it when he loved her. He had a contempt for the weakness that talks of fondness and admiration, and the selfishness that claims control at the same time. There was enough that was unyielding in the nature of either to separate Miss Pickhartz from himself, and he had left her. Now, after three years, he had come back, and was boarding in Lullfield, without seeming to know that she was there. They neither sought nor avoided each other. In their occasional meetings, Richard Ferrit's superiority, more strongly marked by simple courtesy than in earlier years, impressed her, and added to the regrets of Miss Pickhartz' life. She had loved him before, now she respected him, without asking whether he had been a successful man. Still, it was curious that neither forgot the deference due to the other nor lost the reserve of self-consciousness.

Ivy's attention was quickly drawn from her own communings when Mrs. Keldor told her of the early acquaintance between Richard



Ferrit and her Aunt Caroline. Her veneration was large, and she easily shared in her aunt's respect for Mr. Ferrit. In his calls at the house he always asked for the ladies, and Ivy became a kind of self-constituted vigilance committee, and watched with the keenest interest for results. "Some weakness in the woman," she argued, without knowing his contempt for it, "will bring out the tenderness in the man, but there is little hope for that in Aunt Caroline."

Mr. Ferrit was less ceremonious with Ivy than with the older ladies. She seemed a child to him, and to her he showed a fatherly regard, at times almost intense, when she appealed to him with brown eyes like Miss Caroline's, which would not appeal. If Miss Pickhartz could touch him thus, or if Ivy could inspire him with the respect he had for Miss Pickhartz, he would forget himself.

Men of mental strength and tender natures have made their mistakes here. Attracted by the one side of character in a woman, they ever afterwards needed also the other.



It may have been either by the beauty of the child-nature (like Dora's in David Copperfield), or by the immobility of grandeur.

Vain glorious Data Hill had put on for an October day her colored mantle when Richard Ferrit walked alone in somber mood and found Ivy watching birches.

He was sorry to disturb her.

It gave her pleasure.

He was glad she learned from Nature on so fine a day.

Had he learned Data Hill?

He was indefinite, and said, "it seemed old-timish." He asked for the ladies.

Ivy thanked him,—they were well, and surprised him with the question, "Were those birches growing when you knew this place?"

He supposed there were birches everywhere. He was not sure he remembered these. Might he ask why?

"Because they always seem busy at nothing, I suppose."

"That one apart attracts me," he remarked. Might she ask why?

"A lonely one is likely to be a finer tree;



stronger from breathing freer,—just as a life may be better without friends.”

“I don’t think God ever meant that,” she said, simply.

“You are only a child,” he answered, smiling down. “That is one of your conceptions of God, and so it seems to you as God.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“What is he to you?”

“Everything high that I can think, and more.”

“Then your God is your comprehension of him with your allowance for largeness.”

“He has power.”

“You clothe him thus.”

“He has universality.”

“You recognize him thus.”

“He came in human form as Christ.”

“He comes now in every form of nature.”

“He holds me, touches me, more than I can realize.”

“As much, no more. You accept what you have been taught. The life of a physician opens a theology of which you have no idea.”



"Are you a physician?" she asked quickly, with a funny little sense of having found out something.

"Yes."

"Prescribe for me?"

"Nature and Reason."

"And isolation?"

"And a sense of isolation."

Ivy trembled when she spoke again, at the strangeness of taking her stand upon a principle.

"Dr. Ferrit, I cannot take your prescription. I accept Revelation, and hold Nature and Reason subordinate to it."

There was a strange expression on his face, half contempt and half indulgence. "You don't see what I mean by isolation. That which a soul receives, believes, it does not find exactly repeated elsewhere, and this is the quality of personality which makes one to differ from another. Without kinship, one may still be benevolent and live among the needy."

"You mean that it is separation from the well-to-do masses of lean souls."



"Something like it. You will understand better as you grow older."

"I think that when I understand better I shall see the finer quality of soul reaching out to infuse itself into these over the gulf of its own conceit."

"How will you turn out the conceits of finer organisms?"

"By substitution, putting in its very common stead a sense of its unworthiness to receive so great a responsibility."

"You mean to be a good child, no doubt; but," he added, lightly, "you will find your nature too much for you. You do not accept other truths because you cannot see them, so that between you and myself there is a gulf."

"There is a King's highway over which people may go to each other, Dr. Ferrit."

"Add the text, *I am the way*, and you have preached a worn-out sermon. Excuse me, but I have seen faces radiant with such words upon their lips, and knew that at that very time the same people were selfish in the family, monopolizing all the ease, all



the attention, and all the credit for what they have done, and there is a cruelty of Phariseeism that exceeds any other in torture, and no one minds the victims."

"I find it all in Revelation, and it makes me afraid of profession sometimes. Haven't you ever seen one real Christian, Dr. Ferrit?"

"I knew one once; but her speech was not soft, except at rare intervals. Still, looking at her unselfishness, her conscientious adherence to principle, and her keeping of self in the background that she might advance another, I am constrained to say she was the one Christian that I have known to be entirely trustworthy."

"I'm glad you've known one."

"I think there may be in this case an unusual nature, to which I attribute much; but if your professions mean anything, they mean a warfare against the faults in the person who makes them, and it is just here that I don't see amendment in Christians, and therefore do not accept their words as much better than hollow cant. Reason may



sometimes be at fault, but it is never at a standstill, and is always on the increase in power. Nature never speaks falsely, and is full of divine utterances. On such a day as this, the very trees talk to me, and I am almost too full of the voices of inspiration."

Ivy went home with a head full of remembrances and revelations, prescriptions and possibilities. Such a mix for a vigilance committee! She sought Miss Pickhartz to relieve her mind, and almost startled that lady, who thought herself fortified against any change of mood in Ivy.

"Aunt Caroline, I walked from Data Hill with Mr. Ferrit. He inquired for you, and I found out that he is a physician, and that he has no more faith in religion than you have!"

"Is that all?" composedly inquired Miss Pickhartz.

"He prescribed for me, Nature and Reason."

"A little reason is what you need. Is he well?"

"I don't believe he is, for he seemed gloomy."



Miss Pickhartz did not reply, but waited for Ivy to go on, who sat swinging her hat and thinking fast.

"See what you are doing!" she said, when she could wait no longer.

"What am I?" with a start.

"Swinging your hat and moving yourself without regard to the dignity of composure."

"I forgot," quieting herself; then forgetting again,—

"Aunt Caroline," she broke out suddenly, "will you make Dr. Ferrit well and happy?"

"How?"

"Carry him Sympathy Salve, Faith's Elixir, and Admiration Tonic."

"Mercy! What gooseyopathic quackery!"

"I am in earnest, Aunt Caroline."

"Then don't concern yourself till the nature of the case requires your medical advice. I wish I could get for you an anti-spasmodic."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### RECONCILIATION.

FOR several weeks nothing was seen of Dr. Ferrit. He seemed to be intending to stay in Lullfield through the autumn, though most of his time was spent in Battleway with associate physicians and in his own private study. When he was tired he used to come over Data Hill for relaxation, and Ivy would nod her head emphatically because at such times he seemed depressed.

She had read somewhere that slow people are not necessarily weak ones, and the animal that nods is generally good at barking, while the one that moves the head occasionally from side to side is generally good at holding on. Evidently, then, Dr. Ferrit was long-enduring, and so it proved.

Ivy was easily pleased with his attentions,



and so childish withal that the way was opened for him to come oftener to the house, by her direct invitation in Mrs. Keldor's name. When he excused himself on account of being too busy, she was not personally sensitive in the matter, and wondered why he couldn't come Sabbath afternoons now that the fall days were too chilly to walk on Data Hill alone. Perhaps he was pleased by Ivy's directness, for he knew that hovering round outside for evidences wasn't noble and didn't quiet the heart any.

On the first Sabbath of his coming on this invitation Ivy and Mrs. Keldor monopolized the conversation. Miss Pickhartz was not as comfortable as they were. For some reason she praised the people she did not care a straw about, and misrepresented herself every time she made a remark, besides being unusually perplexed in choosing her words with which to express an idea. Dr. Ferrit found out, no doubt to his surprise, that he was somehow wanting in ease and courage, as far as Miss Pickhartz was concerned. He was brave and determined



enough otherwise and with other people. But could he risk all the hope that was life to him, and find it to be only an imagination of his own? The thought was too terrible, after so long waiting. There is a love that makes cowards of us sometimes, but (blessed be God!) there are natures deep and strong enough to die once in a lifetime to self, to redeem that which is divine from its common and baser interpretation.

On the next Sabbath, toward evening, they all sat looking at the sunset. Mrs. Keldor with inward composure, Miss Pickhartz with grand and graceful self-possession, Ivy with excited senses taking impressions from all, and Dr. Ferrit with assurance talking on his favorite subject.

"The voice in Nature that is within us, never speaks more truly than it does in response to Nature outside. Such a sunset as that, Mrs. Keldor, is a finer preacher than one who speaks only the words of creed."

He looked at Miss Pickhartz, who added,—

"Sometimes only the words of greed."



Mrs. Keldor answered,—

"We do not silence the voices of creation when into the great harmony we bring the voices of revelation."

"Reason is in Nature, and you set it all aside by a word of contradiction in revelation, and call it harmony. Things not in common sense even, you say are possible, when inevitable laws will produce inevitable results. I do not see the harmony between the idea that corn seed will bring corn harvest and the notion that praying will bring it to a harvest of rye."

"The most foolish of all ideas," interposed Miss Pickhartz, "is, that two directly opposite theories in revelation itself can be true at the same time. Take any question,—temperance, for one, woman's rights, for another,—and each party will support its theory by reference to the Bible, and plausibly, too."

"Such questions are to be settled on Bible principles, or never rightly," said Mrs. Keldor.

"I wish you'd talk about women's rights," said Ivy.



"I am inclined to favor them," said Miss Pickhartz.

"So am I," said Ivy.

"We change sides on this question. Mrs. Keldor agrees with me that 'rights' is a word originated with the oppressed, and hardly expresses what the best women know as 'aspirations,'" said Dr. Ferrit.

"Let's take sides, no matter what we think," said Ivy.

"My arguments in favor shall be from Nature," said Miss Pickhartz.

"Mine against shall be from the Bible," said Mrs. Keldor.

"Mine in favor shall be from the Bible," said Ivy.

"I will give mine from Nature against the idea of equality," said Dr. Ferrit. "So stated, it bids fair to be an equal contest without results. Mrs. Keldor will lead us."

"I think we shall be obliged to condense, to allow Ivy to go to meeting in time. I will give only texts as they occur to me:

"'But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of every woman is the man.'



“‘Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.’

“‘Likewise ye wives be in subjection to your own husbands, even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord.’

“‘Let your women keep silence in the churches, for they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law.’

“‘Let the women learn in silence, with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.’

“‘Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord.’

“That is all I think of now,” said Mrs. Keldor.”

“Let Scripture alternate with Scripture,” said Dr. Ferrit. “Come, it is your turn.”

“I argue for equality, just as Auntie May did, with texts. I won’t repeat the same ones that occur several times :

“‘And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion. So God created man in his own image: male and female created he them.’

“‘Honor thy father and thy mother.’

“‘And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. And upon the servants and the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.’



“ ‘Come ye out and be ye separate. And ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord.’

“ ‘Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it.’

“ ‘And they twain shall be one flesh.’

“ ‘Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself.’

“ ‘Nevertheless, neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord. For as the woman is of the man, even so is the man by the woman.’

“ ‘There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free: there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.’

“ ‘Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence, and likewise the wife unto the husband.’

“ ‘Be ye not called masters, for one is your master, even Christ.’

“I don’t remember any other, except the local rebuke to the men for praying and preaching with covered heads, and to the women for praying and preaching with uncovered heads. The power of the Bible principle of equal responsibility culminates in texts that apply spiritually to either.”

“Dr. Ferrit, it is your turn, if we alternate with views also,” said Miss Pickhartz.

He replied, “Allowing as I do the equality



of souls, I contend that women have weaker bodies, and therefore the wear and tear of heavy labor is not for them; that this is true, not so much in the lower classes, where physical strength is greater and manual labor is possible, if not easy, but especially where the activities of brain exhaust the physical and disturb the nervous system, to the extent that all comfort is taken out of living, and like weakness is entailed upon the succeeding generation.

"One other point: Owing to the tendency to spiritualize, in women, the imagination is allowed to sway the individual to too great an extent, and the judgment is warped. The practical quiet nerve is requisite to the steady doing of successful work."

"When is the imagination allowed to sway the individual too much?" asked Ivy, for to her it was a personal question.

"When the brain and nerves are so acted upon by causes, as to create visions as real to the beholder as if they were actually so. We call them the images of the brain, projected outwardly, and they seem to the in-



dividual as objective. But the final argument in favor of women's claim, from Nature, is from Miss Pickhartz. I am anxious to hear it."

"No ox can draw an impossible load. All may do as much as they can. If weakness was the curse upon women, if labor and death were upon man, Nature itself has proclaimed equality by giving to each a share of the other's burden. Dwarfed women, fed upon gewgaws and flattery, have been the mothers of tinsel sons and daughters. Women without womanhood full and free are not the only losers; men are incomplete therefore in manhood."

Dr. Ferrit was to be pardoned for the glow of sympathy and respect upon his face as Miss Pickhartz talked. She was about to continue, but the bell was heard to ring for the Sunday evening service, and Emily Hestate was seen on the street coming for Ivy.

"Auntie May, as you are not going to-night, I am not," Ivy said to her.

"Why not?"



"Because I like to stay and hear you talk."

"I think you had better go, dear, with Emily." Ivy rose not more than half determined. Miss Pickhartz interfered.

"Don't tell her to go while Mr. Weir is away, to hear a man with not half her intelligence ring his tinkling bell of reproof."

"I know as well as you do that Mr. Gay will be offering to explain what a goose might know, but I'll do what is right for all that." She bent over Mrs. Keldor in sign of obedience, but her aunt was not satisfied yet, so Ivy added, for her sake, to Aunt Caroline,—

"Will you excuse my contradiction?" Miss Pickhartz was irritated. She liked Ivy's opposition, and hated to see her succumb. She said shortly, with a little hauteur,—

"No excuse necessary."

Mrs. Keldor thought differently, and often prayed that Ivy might lose her sharpness and learn to speak strong, brave words, gently and kindly.

Dr. Ferrit was amused by this little scene. He didn't believe in yielding, either; there



was weakness in it. Mrs. Keldor shortly withdrew, and left the two together who would not yield a point. They loved each other, this man and woman, and had by this very characteristic been separated for years. But Dr. Ferrit was now in a position to give himself up for her, as he grew surer she had given herself up for him. He spoke very quietly, nevertheless.

"Miss Pickhartz, do you remember which of us was right in our dispute on Data Hill fifteen years ago?"

Miss Pickhartz was about to reply falsely, with perfect self-possession, "I don't remember," but the ridiculousness of the position they had taken caused a bright smile to pass over Dr. Ferrit's face, which was so persuasive that she forgot herself and reflected it. Reconciliation went smoothly after that.

"We were both wrong, I suppose."

"Are we both sorry?"

"I think we are."

"Shall we both renew our engagement?"

"I have never broken mine."

"Nor I mine, Caroline."



Ivy had reason to be glad she went with Emily, for she had something to tell her. She had been thinking what kind of work she could do that would absorb her thoughts, and was hoping in her sensitiveness to be able to hide herself and yet do the work of a writer. Since she had begun to think about it, she remembered that there was something in her that answered to the description :

“His aimless thoughts in metre went.”

It was a great ambition to her, and a long way ahead, but still she hardly dared not to do the best she could in this. Besides, perhaps she could say something that Christ would own and bless. All this, and more, she told Ivy that night.

“Do you think I can?”

“I don’t know why not, if you are willing to study and persevere, and be disappointed and still hold out.”

“I think I am.”

“It is just like you to want to be a little *anony-mouse*. But you’ll have to be laughed at. Can you stand having your friends per-



suade you to another mission? Can you bear persecution!"

"Yes."

"Let me see if you can. How meek you look and literary! I'll come over and fix your hair in two stiff side-curls. Then you must have a weak kind of spectacles, and hang your head over on one side, and talk sentiment with a little kind of a drooping of the eyelids."

Emily laughed. "There's nothing very bad in all that. It's your fun."

"Isn't there? then I'll be a critic. Very good production. It is a pity it was not more of an essence. The rhythm is remarkable. Still it needs a reputation. Strange people don't inquire, before they begin, 'Will it sell?'"

Emily winced a little, and Ivy continued,—

"This is not half so bad as to have dear pleading eyes keep asking, 'Why don't you succeed?'"

"How came you to know about it?"

"I know nothing about it. It is all im-



agination. Perhaps it will be all honey and pie. The only thing I do know by experience is this: Just when I get to doing anything well so that I take pride in it, Auntie May puts her hand on something I dislike, and says, 'Ivy, will you leave it, and do this for me?' and out of love for her I leave it, even if I am sobbing way down in my heart, and thinking all the while how poorly prepared I am for this, and how much quicker and nicer I could do the other for her, if only she'd like it just as well."

"She would, if she knew."

"Sometimes she does know, and only smiles because she's doing it to teach me that I am far more precious to her than anything I can do, and she cares for my right being."

"What for?—I mean, for what?"

"She says she wants me to be a blessing, and there isn't a better place than home in which to learn to give up selfishness."

"What has that to do with my work?" asked Emily.



"Suppose, just when you seem to be doing well, somebody comes and says it is your duty to put it all aside, and make of yourself a living sacrifice—be a missionary, for instance."

"I don't—know. Perhaps I should abide in the calling wherein I was called. I—think—this would be obedience, till I knew surely."

"If a person said it, I should still hold to the purpose, I suppose; but if Jesus said it, I'd give up to Him. If I didn't have a heart to do His will, I'd ask Him to send me needful pain."

Emily was distressed. "You don't know what you are saying. Perhaps God sends messengers."

"I forgot that. Emily, what would you do?"

"Seek the faith that waits beholding,  
Plan of God in His unfolding."

said Emily. "The Bible speaks of chastisement, and it speaks of manifold more in this life. So I suppose we are not to pray for pain nor for success—only for His good pleasure, and one step at a time."



"Emily," Ivy spoke suddenly, "did you know that Kensel has bought a house in Battleway, and is furnishing it in style?"

"Yes—I know."

"Don't you wish you hadn't said that irrevocable 'No'?"

"I think I did right. I keep wanting to go to him—but still—I know in whom I have believed."

When Ivy came home that night Miss Pickhartz called to her. She was in her room and had on her dressing gown of heavy dark green material, relieved at the neck with cherry lining folded back from her white under-gown. Her long black hair was unbound, and Ivy realized how beautiful she was. Perhaps never more so than now, in becoming dress, in the full maturity of womanhood, with the added expression on her face of a satisfied heart,—Ivy's eyes expressed her admiration, and Miss Pickhartz called her to the glass.

"Come here, Ivy; let me see if you are like me. Richard said he loved you for



your resemblance to me. He saw a difference, too. I am more stately, and you are more changeable in your moods."

Ivy could not help looking. Her Aunt Caroline was in her fortieth year, and she was but twenty-four; yet, if the glass showed them truly, she was much the plainer. Perhaps it was because she was dressed in stiff out-of-doors costume; perhaps it was because the unrest in her heart had left its trace on her face; perhaps life was, after all, as Aunt Caroline had said, a panorama, and the canvas was not deep enough to admit of heart-work behind it. In the reflection before her Miss Pickhartz stood smiling, and she stood plainly disturbed by the contrast and her own thoughts. Then she conquered herself and said,—

"You are much more beautiful, Aunt Caroline, and I am glad it has come out right. I'll call him Uncle Richard, and love him with all my heart."

"Thank you. You are a good child, after all."



"I shall dispute this point with you, from habit, if I stay," said Ivy, laughing and going away.

In her own room she was sober enough. She went to her own glass, stood before it in unusual consciousness of her face, and talked to herself.

"Ivy Fennhaven, you may just as well know it to be a fact—you are not beautiful. Take it into your heart, that no wishing will ever change the truth. You might take more thought about your dress, and if your tastes were correct you might look better. The truth hurts, does it? Then hear the rest of it. You almost worship beauty, and you haven't it. The thing you hold highest is love, and people rarely love you. The kind of love, too, that you ask, is not in the capacity of many. There are other things, you selfish, cowardly woman, that you ought to hear, so that you may know yourself. You love Dr. Ferrit, and he does not love you, except as he would a child, and you have got to live right in the face of it, without shrinking, day after day, and .



year after year. Even Emily Hestate is your superior. She has been true and brave, and now she has got a work to do. Worse than all, you told Aunt Caroline just now that you were glad, and at the very best you was only trying to be glad. If the jealousy you felt at her superior beauty is not kept down in your heart, it will rage like a fiend. If anybody ever needed to keep praying, it is yourself."



## CHAPTER IX.

### MISS PICKHARTZ LIKES SPIRIT.

MISS CAROLINE PICKHARTZ remained at Lullfield through the fall. She preferred staying to going back to her own home alone. She told Mrs. Keldor she meant to stay with her till she was married.

"Aunt Caroline," asked Ivy, "do you really like Miss Selfguard?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"She is so engrossed in her carriage, her fernery, her piano, and has such an exquisite fear of contact, that I feel constrained where she is."

"A beneficial contact to you, then."

"I've got a declaration of independence to make to her personally, at any rate, when the time comes."

To this threat Miss Pickhartz replied, with



a little laugh; but before many days she was herself more annoyed than she cared to express. Miss Pickhartz was in her grandeur; Miss Anna Selfguard was in hers; they were making calls together. The carriage waited for them at Mrs. Winme's. Just as they came out Ivy passed them, holding by the hand a little boy, Sammy Littlewash. She bowed to them politely, but not without perceiving that Miss Selfguard felt a kind of shrinking at the intimacy she manifested with her companion. She returned the glance of hauteur, and passed on beaming over the child with more complacency than she really felt, and exulted within herself, "The war has begun."

"Why you need to go round the streets hand in hand with little ragamuffins, I don't see," said Miss Pickhartz, at home, "but I couldn't help laughing at the way you vanquished Miss Selfguard. You are a born Pickhartz."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Keldor.

"I was walking with Sammy Littlewash, and met Miss Selfguard." Then after fuller



explanation she added, "Aunt Caroline, I mean to go everywhere among people, not to make fun of them, nor to carry charity in a basket; but to make real friends among them, and carry charity in my heart."

"Where was the charity in your heart toward Miss Selfguard?" asked Mrs. Keldor.

Ivy colored. This was a home-thrust.

"Do you expect to learn drawing-room manners in the society of the Patsies?" asked Miss Pickhartz.

"I am poor myself, and I am trying to get up."

"A curious route you take, through Soap Suds Alley. If you have an ambition to be philanthropic, you are fitted to attend public assemblies, to become a member of organizations, to sit on the platform with presiding Christians—"

"Aunt Caroline, I never got so near glory in my life as I did the day I cleaned the floor for the widow Littlewash."

Even Mrs. Keldor was staggered. "Ivy, Ivy, how came you to do it?"

Ivy replied humbly to her,—



"The other day when some one said 'a lady was all in her gloves and handkerchief,' you said, 'a lady could not be put on and taken off.' I carried a suitable dress and put it on, and I didn't think you'd say I put away the lady then. I know I put off the lady and the Christian too every time I speak as I have just now to Aunt Caroline."

Miss Pickhartz signified that she did not want her to apologize. She liked her spirit better, and she withdrew.

Mrs. Keldor did not withhold the caress Ivy sought, but she said, "You hurt me sometimes, dear."

"I never mean it, Auntie. I won't any more." Then she asked suddenly, "What would you like me to be above all things?"

"A home blessing, now."

"I will try harder, Auntie, but I have in me deeper than anything, I hope, a three-fold aim."

"Tell me, dear."

"To be a home blessing; then comes the middle strand in the cord that I am just



beginning to choose, a work that opens the way to the other; the last and the best is, to win souls to Jesus."

"And you unite them?"

"They seem to unite in my mind in the child's wish they grew out of, for true greatness. Jesus says it means, 'servant of all.'"

Mrs. Keldor understood better then than she ever did before this struggling, seething, contradictory nature.

Before the day was over, Mrs. Keldor allowed to Miss Pickhartz,—

"You were right in saying I tried to control Ivy too much. She is a woman growing to stand in her own individuality."

"Where is she now?"

"She said she was going to tease Emily for an hour, then she wants to get tea."

Ivy was teasing Emily, and Emily was enjoying it as usual.

"Let me see some poetry. The fledgling needs to be pushed off the edge of the nest."



"If you — will — give it back to me."

"Certainly, I will. Do let me just see one specimen."

Ivy read the copy Emily handed to her. To her unpracticed eye it seemed like poetry, and she said,—

"I couldn't make fun of it if I wanted to. It rings, it chimes, it repeats itself. I like to say it over."

"Why don't you try to write it, then?"

"Because if I did it wouldn't be poetry. It would be facts on stilts. First line, a statement, then a long stride over what should be a presentation of the processes of thought. Second line, a fact, unembellished also. Third and fourth lines each would contain a statement. Where's the poetry? I find it here. Your thoughts will flow right along through verbiage and all."

"I think you know a great — deal — more about it than I do."

"My gift may be apprehension. Yours is song. The music isn't in me, the genius, or the calling. But for all that, you'll need



the study, the training, all the same as anybody."

"I know it."

Ivy looked so sober that Emily ventured to say,—

"There's one thing I wanted to speak of. I think you'll let me: You are changing very fast. You seem to be losing your glad hold on life, somehow."

The proud head was bowed down. Emily continued,—

"Shall I know your trouble?"

"It's only the old trouble. I don't believe what God says."

"What don't you believe?"

"He says, 'Whatsoever,' and I say, 'If.'"

"I don't understand."

"I mean, He promises to give what we ask for. He says, 'shall receive,' and I reply 'If it is best, He will; if I am not selfish, He will; if it won't hurt anybody else, He will; if there isn't somewhere a 'needs be,' He will."

"Would you so cling to the words of a friend's lips?"



"It is the glory of being worthy to be so trusted, and He is worthy."

As Ivy passed the parlor door she heard Dr. Ferrit saying to Miss Pickhartz,—

"I don't believe that progress is all on the upper deck with the passengers. The power is down out of sight with the heart-beat of the people. It is the great thud, thud, thud, of democracy."

How deeply he sees, she thought and listened for Miss Pickhartz's reply.

"How ultra you have grown in your ideas, Richard. If you want to realize the progress of ideas, you need to be on deck to see it."

Ivy did not wait. She went down into the kitchen, thinking partly of the good time the cook had gone to enjoy, and partly of what she had just heard said. She emphasized the stove covers with a kind of triumph, saying,—

"Not with the apparent, but with the real. 'Tis the thud, thud, thud of the hand-work, the brain-work, the heart-work, that keeps the world moving. How steady it sounds!



Not spasmodic, like myself; but I mustn't get discouraged. To-morrow I'm going with Dr. Ferrit to see Mother Quitty. I'm glad Aunt Caroline made fun of my affinity with the Littlewash family.



## CHAPTER X.

### MOTHER QUITTY.

IT was one of Dr. Ferrit's patients in Battleway of whom he had spoken to Ivy. Mother Quitty was to be alone for a day or two till she could get another nurse, her own attendant and housekeeper having left in a fit of impatience. Ivy was more than pleased to be entrusted with the care of her for one day, as had been proposed. Dr. Ferrit went with her, introduced her to the patient, and left her with instructions as to the kind of nursing that would be required in this case.

On a bed, in a curiously-arranged but comfortable room, lay Mother Quitty, not a lady, evidently, but a plain, sharp, common sense woman, with a tongue and a shrewdness likely to sift Ivy thoroughly and call all her wits into requisition.



"I've come to spend the day, Mother Quitty."

"I don't want ye."

"Don't you? I am astonished!" and Ivy laughed so merrily that Mother Quitty really did look at her.

"What do ye suppose I want ye for?"

"To wash, and iron, and cook, and tell stories, perhaps."

"Why don't ye tell the truth, ye hypocritter?"

"I suppose you know how to get along with such an animal by this time, you've seen so many of them. What will you have to eat?"

"A toad and molasses."

"I know how to cook it. I'll broil the jumper and dip it in the molasses."

As Ivy proceeded to make a fire in the stove, the arrangement of things in the room used for a kind of kitchen was so peculiar that she could not find anything. This obliged her to return to Mother Quitty, and ask,—

"Where shall I find a match?"



"Among the sons of men."

"I want to make a fire."

"Make it then."

Make it she did after some time lost in searching for things. She found by the unused utensils that Mother Quitty or somebody else understood housekeeping. She was to make broth, and Dr. Ferrit had sent in a chicken and the requisites while she was making the fire. After preparing the chicken and putting it in the water as she had learned at home, she began to wonder how she should approach Mother Quitty, who was evidently bent on thwarting all her intentions, so as not to waste her time in trying to find such things as she needed. This time, when she came again to her, she manœuvred a little, not asking the thing she wanted to know at first.

"Didn't you have cracker and tea for breakfast?"

"How did you know?"

"I saw the cup and the crumbs. I can't find the salt. Do you know where it is?"

"Up in the garret ye'll find a trunk.



Open it, and ye'll see a feather bed, some crook-neck squashes, and a box of salt."

Ivy went out, baffled again, but she couldn't help laughing. There was another family in the other half of the house, and it occurred to her that the lady might tell her where the things were kept. It happened that the woman was willing to come into the kitchen for a few moments, and she showed her the store closet, the door of which was hidden by being in a little entry leading down stairs.

"The salt, some towels, a broom—I believe I find them all," she said, as they stood together looking over the things. "Thank you, I shall do nicely now. I wish I had thought to ask you before."

"You are very welcome, I'm sure. Are you coming here to do housework and nursing?"

"For to-day I am," beginning to wish the woman would not ask her.

"I thought you didn't look as if it was your business. You are a relation of the old lady's, maybe?"



"No — yes, I am a younger sister."

The woman evidently did not believe her, nor understand, and went back to her family wondering.

"What a nice attic you have!" Ivy said to Mother Quitty, as she returned. "What are you going to do with all those squashes?"

"What squashes? There's no squashes that I know of."

"I thought not. I didn't go to look."

"I wish ye'd go home, ye chatter-gong."

How to make Mother Quitty submit to being bathed and having her hair arranged while the dinner was cooking was a problem.

A little prayer helped her. Bringing the basin to the bedside, and all she needed, she asked her gently,—

"Will you let me make you feel more comfortable?"

"I feel as well as ye do, maybe better."

"Do you know where I came from, Mother Quitty?"

"From Botherem, I'm sartin."

Ivy began to see an advantage. Mother Quitty was getting tired. The excitement



of contesting every point was too much for a person who had been sick.

"Well, then," talking very slowly and beginning to touch her face, "in Botherem there was a little girl who lost her mother before she knew anything." (Ivy moistened the towel in the warm water, passing it over Mother Quitty's face.) "Her mother's sister took the little girl, and was just as tender toward her all her life" (Mother Quitty was listening, and the bathing went on easily.) "as if she had been her own child. The little girl always called her 'Auntie,' and never knew in her heart any craving for a mother's love and patience that her auntie did not supply. But to-day—it seems so strange—that child has called you by the name she never called any one but the mother she never knew. Now, I've said it so many times to-day without thinking, I want to repeat it over, and feel the meaning there is in it. Mother, mother, mother."

When Ivy finished the story, Mother Quitty allowed her to go on with her work in silence. After Ivy had smoothed her hair, Mother Quitty roused herself.



"Go, get me some of that broth that isn't done, ye soft solderer."

Ivy was only too glad to prepare her a cupful for her lunch, and Mother Quitty, refreshed, went to sleep. Now the arrangement of the rooms was easy. Then it was dinner-time, and the broth, fully ready, seemed to please Mother Quitty, judging from her appetite. Ivy stood by with a feeling of satisfaction in her cooking, and after observing her, asked,—

"How does it taste?"

"Like impudence beginning to crow."

Ivy laughed, and after washing the dishes and reading the day's paper to Mother Quitty, proceeded to take leave of her in one of her own spasms of truthfulness.

"I'm going now. I wanted to stay to-night, but Dr. Ferrit said he had provided another attendant. There's broth enough, and some grapes, for your dinner to-morrow. Mrs. Slade will come and make you comfortable in the forenoon. If you don't get a better nurse after that, I'll come again."

"I don't want ye."



"Is there anything else to say? Oh, yes! When I told you that story, I didn't mean to make you think I really loved you yet. I couldn't, you know, without some provocation."

"Keep yer tongue running in truth's channel like that, if ye can. Ye'll say some soft thing next breath."

"No, not to you."

"There! Didn't I tell ye! Get ye home to Botherem."

The next day Dr. Ferrit was interested to hear Ivy's experience.

"I was almost tired of abuse before I got through, but it was so funny I couldn't think of but one thing that could have made it funnier."

"What was that?"

"To have had Miss Selfguard and Aunt Caroline there looking on."

Dr. Ferrit didn't seem pleased with her. Perhaps it was because he couldn't bear to have her speak lightly of the woman he loved, and Ivy respected him more for his loyalty to Miss Pickhartz.



"Did I do Mother Quitty any good?"

"She didn't say; but however that may be, trying is so far ahead of not trying, that real failures are almost excusable."

"Thank you. I read somewhere that 'reputation is what others say of us, and character is what God knows of us.'"

Dr. Ferrit looked down, half indulgently, and replied,—

"You manage to get a certain blind fanaticism mixed up with your otherwise good sense."

The consequence of his saying, "trying is so far ahead of not trying that failures are excusable," was, that Ivy went once more, on her own responsibility, to see Mother Quitty.

"Did you come to cook?" demanded Mother Quitty, almost as soon as she entered the room.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because Mrs. Cary has come back, and is here to do it for you."

"Then what did you come for?"



"Because trying and failing is better than not trying at all."

"Nobody but a sly would evade an answer like that."

"I'll tell you then. I came because when I was here all day I didn't try to win you to Jesus."

"Try then, now."

"Tell me how."

"Ye might make a prayer—that is if ye can pray one, not make it."

This was a hard test. Ivy could not gather from her face or her words any clue to her feelings, and there was no encouragement in Mother Quitty's manner. She hesitated.

"Why don't ye do it?"

"Because I want to stand face to face with your clearest perceptions, and because I want God to judge me, too, and I cannot do it lightly, but I'm willing to try."

Try she did, and she listened to the plain criticisms afterwards. "Not so cut out, rather more cut down, than I expected, but more sifting would be good for ye still."



Ye've got too much pride of free agency in ye. Mighty good ye think ye are, because the Lord is trying to make something out of ye. I tell ye He'll make nothing out of ye before He's done with ye."

"I beg your pardon for supposing you were not a Christian."

"I've seen flippery upstarts before, diddling in to teach their grandmothers to snuff candles. All I've got to hope for ye is, that ye've got the root of the matter in ye. But I've got a word more to say to ye about praying. Ye don't begin to know what ye want, when it takes a dozen or two long prayers to say it. Ye will, when year after year goes by and the one wish of yer heart gets crowded into a word, or a groan, mayhaps; when it is the same in the day-time and in the night-time, and ye haven't any thought, with yer eyes staring into the dark, because it takes all of yer weakness just to hold on."

"Why didn't I know you to be so much wiser a Christian than I am?"

"Because I've got an infirmity, and the



sight of ye sets it all into a fury. I don't like soft hands and silvery tongues, because the folks they belong to are the kind that keep judging and dictating. They haven't any consideration for people that strive and work and never come out of their chains. They say of us that we haven't got much sense nor capacity, when all they do themselves for a day's work is to put two or three bouquets together."

"*You* are judging now, Mother Quitty. It took me six days to put up a can of preserves once. It is because we don't have a necessity nor a purpose that we are so inefficient."

"And I dare say ye are the kind that expects so much of others that ye are always dictating and fretting."

"I don't think I have much patience nor much real charity, but I wish you'd tell me what you mean by my pride of free agency. We read in the Bible enough to know that God's sovereignty and man's free agency are equally true."

"Put a pin into yer last two words, and



hold 'em; then tell me which is the greater, yer will or yer Maker's?"

"My Maker's."

"Then ye'd better lean hardest onter the most powerful. Ye think too much of yerself. There's a sight of pride in yer, with now and then a spell of humility. With all yer fine ideas about doing, yer doing isn't real coin. Besides, ye keep shamming, and I'm tired of ye. What did ye say yer name was?"

"Ivy Fennhaven."

"Folderolla Turnheaven! It's just like yerself: much too fine to be real."

After this interview Ivy wanted to know more about Mother Quitty, and asked Dr. Ferrit,—

"Do you know much about her?"

"Something."

"Has she ever had any great trial?"

"I never heard her complain."

"Is she poor?"

"All her wants are liberally supplied, as far as I know. Did she speak of having trials?"



"No sir, but I thought she couldn't know so much without she had. She discouraged me utterly. How came you ever to take me there?"

"Her needs and your ability. I am sorry that I did, for you had a child's heart, and I did not think you looked at things so seriously."

"It was nothing. I'm glad she showed me myself. I have a child's heart still," she smiled and Dr. Ferrit seemed relieved.

When Ivy went again, she found Mother Quitty had moved to another street, and she did not succeed in finding her. She told Dr. Ferrit, who answered,—

"Perhaps she wanted to get away from you."

"I'll pray then that I may find her and know her. She set me before my own eyes."

Dr. Ferrit looked at her searchingly, then he smiled, and nothing more was said for a long time about Mother Quitty.

Meanwhile Miss Pickhartz had, with aid



of sempstresses, nearly completed the preparations for her wedding. She rarely consulted any one, for she had unlimited faith in her own judgment and was superlatively equal to the occasion. Ivy mentally contrasted the chaste and elegant outfit with her own poor attempts to make Emily presentable only a few years before. It was not the material merely that produced the effect sought. It was the nicety and plainness that suited the maturity and grandeur of her Aunt Caroline.

Miss Pickhartz had declared her intention of also arranging Mrs. Keldor's and Ivy's dress for the occasion, and Ivy had rebelled at the out-set. She would wear her hair as she always did, twisted loosely on the back of her head, and her dress should be the same she usually wore; but Mrs. Keldor prevailed with her to allow her Aunt Caroline to be fully suited once in her life.

Miss Pickhartz reached in her culture the elegance of simplicity, and Ivy felt the perfection of ease in her arrangements notwithstanding her previous opposition. Her



own dress, her Aunt Caroline's selection, was not noticeable, but it gave her the sense of looking distinguished, if not beautiful.

Miss Pickhartz was so completely complacent that Ivy felt more disposed than ever to quarrel with her. She had tried on her own dress, and it had been pronounced "nice looking," then she came back to Miss Pickhartz to tell her that Auntie May liked it.

"Only a few days more, Aunt Caroline, and it will all be over. What a fuss for nothing!"

"Is courtesy to your friends and respect for your best friend nothing?" inquired that lady, secure in her position.

"I'd rather be married out under the blue sky on Data Hill, where the widow Littlewash and Sammy, and Mother Quitty would all come."

"That does well enough for talk. Wait and see."

"Will the word 'obey' be in the marriage formula?"

"No, we shall have it left out."



"I wouldn't. A word cannot create a servitude, for there isn't any bondage in the freedom of a loyal heart."

"I'd have a still more altered formula, but as Mr. Weir is to marry us, for old friendship's sake, I shall not quarrel with his notions."

In that bright assembly, on the evening of the wedding, perhaps none felt the solemnity of the words on Mr. Weir's lips more than Ivy did. *What God hath joined together.* There was such a great bulwark of security in anything He ordained, that more than ever before she thanked Him for an unchangeable law. She saw the completeness on her Aunt Caroline's face, and something higher than that on Dr. Ferrit's; for in this case the man's nature was far less selfish than the woman's. His was the purpose to do all and be all that he could for her sake. One deep selfish pang of her own nature, then Ivy was glad that Richard Ferrit was happier than he had ever been before, and in prayer she repeated again,



"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

When the wedding was over, and quiet had settled over the home in Lullfield, it was the most natural thing in the world for Ivy to take up the fragments of thought that might otherwise have been lost, and to work them into theories of her own. To her highest and best experience had been added another—that of caring more for Richard Ferrit than for any earthly friend. Now she lived more for self than before, but it was for another self within her own. She could say she was not alone among women. God had given it to her to love. To receive from Dr. Ferrit the same in kind was not for her, because God had given this to her Aunt Caroline, and He knew just why He did it, and she could trust herself to the care of this One Friend who never did anything amiss. So long as she trusted God thus, she rested securely in Him, but the processes of thought led her into conflict with Reason.

It was not until now that Mrs. Keldor



knew how strong had been Dr. Ferrit's influence over her. Ivy startled her by seeming to doubt the things hitherto held sacred. She asked such questions as these: "How far is it right to investigate evil for the purpose of refuting error? Is not prayer merely reflex in its influence? Does not the faith that goes out towards another affect the heart itself so that it derives the benefit without the existence of the Being called God? Will any natural law, cause and effect cease to be, though all the prayers in the universe ascend to counteract that which is inexorable? Can the *whatsoever* of promise be applied thus—to reversing age to youth, to the giving of that which must be withheld?" till Mrs. Keldor wondered where the mental conflict would cease. She feared that Dr. Ferrit had done her an incurable injury, and she herself was unable to stem the current of Ivy's passionate thought; but she could pray, and by this means in her power test the promises, and at the same time realize an influence over her. Added to this, it was right to pray, and she did it.



"Auntie May, I must have something to do!" Ivy exclaimed one evening, after sitting with her head upon her hand because it ached so.

"There's your sewing, dear; pick it up, and finish that."

"It doesn't absorb my thought. I must have something now that does."

Mrs. Keldor looked at her, and noted the whiteness of her face.

"I think you are partly right. I'd send you away to teach or do something of that kind, if it hadn't always been a favorite theory of mine that unless you had become really helpful at home, really a blessing there, patient and self-forgetful, you wouldn't be outside. I often think of the Master's thirty years at home, and I want to keep you here."

"There are often controlling circumstances that decide a question like this, Auntie."

"I know there are, and I haven't forgotten that you wanted a place that would give you the power to reach others for good. You'll come back to that again. Unsettled as you



are now you might do harm. You had better resume your studies as a means to an end. Two hours in the day of close application will shut out your thoughts from yourself, and will not exhaust you like aimless reasoning."

"I haven't any heart to study."

"The rest of the day you may do as much housework as you like. You may have as much company, and go out as much, and conduct yourself like Miss Independence generally. I am willing to have you about in a 'catch-and-go' dress, as you call it, but I want to keep house, and I want to keep you."

There was a putting on of brightness for her sake in these words that went to Ivy's heart. This was the love she hadn't valued enough.

"Auntie, I'll stay with you and be your baby, and I won't keep fretting." The aching head went down into Mrs. Keldor's lap, and they were tender fingers that took the pain all out of it.

Mrs. Dr. Ferrit was making a plan. She



was equal to the management of a larger family. Mrs. Keldor and Ivy might just as well close the house, and spend the winter with her in Battleway; then in the summer they could all stay in Lullfield. Ivy was too much without society of the right kind. She could introduce her to such as she was fitted for, and set her up in the world in spite of her notions. She could be made something out of, for she was a Pickhartz, and it was the life of a house to have young people in it.

To this plan Mrs. Keldor and Ivy agreed, and all were again together.

But the study must not be neglected. In Ivy's present state of mind science opened an inviting field. She became interested in studying the mechanism of the human body, — the formation of the eye, the ear, the influence of all the parts upon the brain, and its influence in turn upon them, — the condition of food, climate, and association, upon which formation and action were dependent. The more she studied, the more she felt her hunger and incapacity to grasp the opening meanings in even one department of science.



Dr. Ferrit's books were at her command, and he enjoyed her questions. Her avidity stimulated him. He told Mrs. Ferrit that in any point where he led her mind up to his own, she went beyond and helped him. Still he was too busy to notice much about her real self, and she was always afraid of intruding.

At this point in the story Mrs. Ferrit was as happy as she had ever wished to be. She had money and talent and love. She was gratified to think Dr. Ferrit had education, perception and working power. Now also Ivy had put away her fanaticism, so as not to intrude her religion everywhere, and was getting a hold upon such things as would insure respect. Mrs. Keldor was just the right one for the fourth in a family, with so little of the insatiable human hunger that never lets one know how really blessed he is, that she mellowed all that was sharp in the others. In short, Mrs. Ferrit felt that she had now in hand those advantages which would secure family distinction.

Two marked events brought Ivy to realize the insufficiency of her wayward will to



bring back to her the faith and peace of former days. This came to her again, but it was through the influence of these "two divine sovereignties," as she was wont to call them afterwards. The first regarded Kensel, the second was connected with Dr. Ferrit.



## CHAPTER XI.

### KENSEL.

DURING this time Kensel was busy making money and displaying it. His father-in-law backed him by every means in his power, now and then throwing into his worldly directions a word of warning and religious counsel, to which Kensel would reply,—

“I’ll spend my money for the Lord when I get rich.”

This promise was not destined to be tested. The young man was not well, and his anxieties threw him into a fever. The physician did not consider him very sick, and his attendants were of the same mind. Now that he was at leisure to know his own mind, he clung to his mother with the return of earthly affection. No other person



had the power to soothe him in his irritation. He grew sicker. Ivy came to relieve Mrs. Keldor. Dissatisfied with the medical treatment he received, they called Dr. Ferrit. He used every means in his power to restore him, but the disease and the wrong management had gone too far.

Ivy and Mrs. Keldor watched and prayed.

"If only he were a Christian, I could give him up," were his mother's words; but the grave did not give back her son. Kensel died in the midst of worldly plans, and his life had been a failure.

In this calamity, Bart and Wren joined the family. Standing in the terrible presence of remorseful thoughts, Bart told himself,—

"If I had been as patient with his faults as with my own, if I had sought his interest in any measure as a man should seek his brother's, he might have been a better man, and I should have been far happier than I am now."



## CHAPTER XII.

FIRM AS THE TRUTH, SIMPLE AS A BABY.

WHILE Ivy was studying to obtain practical medical knowledge, it was a common thing for her to search through several volumes on some point of inquiry; but it was unusual to find a scrap of paper, or marginal note, or any trace of mental processes in the books belonging to Dr. Ferrit. She had hesitated at first, with the nice sense of delicacy that didn't care to know anything personal which he himself might not wish her to understand, about accepting his permission to use his books as freely as she would her own. The idea had been wholly dissipated by his habits of reservation, which withheld any trace of himself. But with all his care, the unusual thing was found,—a name and a date upon a margin in Dr.



Ferrit's handwriting, — that quickened the blood in her veins and bent the energies of her mind to action.

How to find Mother Quitty after so long a time, without Dr. Ferrit's knowledge, was now the question. She would work and pray till she did, even if she had doubted the use of praying. After fruitless efforts to find her, she debated whether she might not get at the information by strategy. She might ask her Aunt Caroline, carelessly, but that would not do at all. Aunt Caroline would so dislike to have her take up anything that looked like former fanaticism, and Dr. Ferrit would not tell her Aunt Caroline what he had obviously kept from her as his own secret. Besides, her own idea might not be a true one; some explanation could set it all aside, perhaps. Asking Auntie May to ask him would be useless. He would think she wanted to know. The only way and the best would be to ask him herself, simply and directly. Still he had baffled her before, and he might do it again. The point hardest to give up was her will that he should



not know she went. Finally she yielded in this, partly because he would be sure to know afterwards, and partly because this opened the only way to know and love Mother Quitty.

The first good opportunity to speak to Dr. Ferrit was improved. "Uncle Richard, I want to take up my old mission of making friends outside what the world calls circle. I've been selfish, studying, and I want to go back to fanaticism."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

His question irritated her a little. He liked, as Mrs. Ferrit did, to see people act for themselves without consulting others.

"I've been tying together old threads, and I want a little help."

Another unfortunate word—"help."

"You must excuse me, I'm too busy now. Another time it would give me pleasure to listen to you."

"Too busy to listen," was hard to bear. If she had wanted anything for herself it wouldn't have hurt her so. She could have said she was selfish, but she had wanted to



bless him. She debated whether to assume her pride, and find out some other way where Mother Quitty lived, or, to try again, and ask him suddenly. She concluded not to mind the pain in her heart, for her uncle did not understand, and she had hurt his feelings many times by the sharp speeches that covered her real self.

"Ivy Fennhaven, wouldn't you like to tell yourself that you tried not to fret, but to trust the Lord to help you, and say, 'I waited patiently?'" It always did her good to stand off and talk to herself as she would to some one else.

"What did you want help about a few weeks ago?" asked Dr. Ferrit, as he sat in the library in the resting time after tea. He had been observing her as she was reading. Ivy lifted her head. Mrs. Ferrit looked to hear also.

"I got over the difficulty alone, thank you."

"That sounds like Mrs. Ferrit," he replied, smiling at that lady.

"Pickhartz blood," smiled Mrs. Ferrit in return.



How was Ivy going to get over the fault of saying false things in strategy, and doing the more obnoxious thing of trying to put her words right afterwards? She went on thinking. Dr. and Mrs. Ferrit were laughing about the difficulties in the Teazle family, and quoting "Sir Peter." Presently Mrs. Ferrit went for the evening paper at the door. Dr. Ferrit was good-natured just then and Ivy asked him hurriedly,—

"Where does Mother Quitty live?"

The question came so suddenly that it brought a little shade over his face.

"What do you want to know for?"

"I want to see her. I liked her."

"I'll give you her address," taking his memorandum from his pocket, but returned it to its place as Mrs. Ferrit came back, adding, "to-morrow."

He sat and read the evening paper, but Mrs. Ferrit having occasion again to leave the room, he took out his book, wrote the street and number, and gave it to Ivy—all of which had a significance to her of which he little thought.



"Thank you." The second attempt had been successful. Ivy was impatient for the morning to come. She found Mother Quitty in handsome apartments in a nicer street. Mrs. Cary was still with her for an attendant. Mother Quitty was more ungracious in her manner than ever, but after Ivy had answered her usually first question, "What did you come for?" "Just to see you, that's all," she softened a little, if it could be said there was any softness about her.

"I should have come before if I had known where you lived."

"If ye'd had a will to find me ye'd have done it."

"You are right. I didn't have a will to do it till within a few weeks, and it has taken me all this time."

"What set ye out? Have ye been sick?"

"I've been in a black pit of unbelief for a long time and I'm only just getting out."

"Is it yerself that's doing it?"

"No, Mother Quitty."

"Could ye get down and pray, so that I could see ye inside out?"



"No, I don't want you to see me in the darkness that clings."

"Ye never get rid of troubles in Botherem till ye hang the complainers, do ye?"

Ivy laughed.

"I won't complain any more, Mother Quitty. Tell me about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell, ye turnabout."

"Do you ever get discouraged?"

The look of contempt the old lady gave her ought to have been photographed.

"Discouraged! Ye are of no use in the world, ye do-nothing! Ye've got some of the pains of ambition, too, and that's all that ails ye."

Mother Quitty got up with decision, and brought her bonnet and shawl.

"I'll take ye out with me, and I'll show ye work enough to discourage ye."

Her energy satisfied Ivy that she was vigorous enough for a walk, and they went out together. Mother Quitty did not talk on the way. She bent her energies to walking. Ivy was silent also, but the sense of being the old lady's companion filled her



with a strange pleasure. Mother Quitty chose one of the narrowest, dingiest streets in Battleway, in which to make her calls. Everybody seemed to trust her as she went into room after room of wretchedness, sin, and squalor, but all shrank from Ivy with a kind of hate in their faces. Mother Quitty did not stay long at any place. Here she came often, and to-day her mission was to the young woman of culture.

When they reached Mother Quitty's home, Ivy was about to leave her and go on.

"What have ye got to do?" demanded Mother Quitty.

"To study," she said in self-defence.

"I've got a lesson for ye, ye miserable Christian."

"Then I'll go in."

After they sat down Ivy was amused at the old lady's persistency, and was quite willing to hear the rest of the lesson.

"Perhaps ye don't think ye need to have the nails driven in after the shoe is fitted, but ye do," said Mother Quitty, folding her shawl in her lap with precision. "Was it



yer own will that kept ye from being born in a cellar?"

"No ma'am."

"Ye'd scorn furnishing up yer body or yer house for yerself, but it's yer will to furnish up yer mind because ye like the company it calls in."

"Very true."

"And ye are the kind that likes to sit in high places and receive attention?" She put the assertion as a question.

"I suppose it is in nature."

"Then it will make it the harder for ye to learn the lesson that misery taught ye to-day. It was the human need that ye saw, that had a voice of crying in it that oughter touch ye."

"I've been in such places before."

"So much the more shame to ye, in yer clinging to millstones. Ye haven't dared to let go yer gods. No wonder yer love and yer peace have fizzled out."

"Some times people have to do a work of preparation."

"Is yer work of preparation a short cut,



or do ye wind yer avenue round with a flourish through pleasant places? Are ye getting yer heart ready to take in the ignorant and the filthy, just as ye are getting yer mind ready to take in the wise and the gifted?"

"I don't think I've been thinking so much about that."

"I told ye ye'd have to lean the harder onter the greater than yerself. Yer Master has been thinking about that and getting yer heart ready."

"Because He wants me to work with Him."

"But that's yer privilege that ye've been a scorning. He could a done his work without ye, but He gave ye yer will and yer responsibility, that ye might be as happy as a blundering child with a real wish to help. Instead o' that, ye are blue under yer eyes with some selfish craving, and ye've sold yer peace in believing for a mess of mental pottage. Don't ye suppose I can see that ye have to keep a gilding in the place of the brightness that was yer birthright?"



"You see a great deal."

"Now I'll tell ye this for yer comfort: Ye are a child of yer Maker's when ye forget yerself working in a place of human need for Him. Maybe it's high and maybe it's low, as men say, but the lower yerself gets the higher ye'll get, for ye'll see that the Lord is tending ye just as ye'd tend a baby. Ye've been too proud of yer works, and they've got between ye and yer sight of Him. It will be just the same if ye get proud of yer faith or yer love. It isn't thinking of yerself that's yer works, or yer faith, or yer love, for it is just yer consciousness of Him that is the live thing, call it what ye will."

"I begin to see. The reality of an earthly love is the blessedness of carrying the thought of some one into everything we do."

"It isn't yer own doing when ye begin to see yer Master in that way; when the coming nor the going doesn't give nor take away the sight; 'tis the Lord that's been a touching yer eyes."

After a silence Mother Quitty resumed:



"Now that ye've seen Who it is that's been a letting in the light, why don't ye caper a little? I can't bear to think of ye just a crawlin' round in Botherem, as if there was something dolorous in yer healing and cringing in yer submission."

Ivy kept thinking about Dr. Ferrit's useless secret. The more she thought, the more she wanted to tell him she knew it. She waited for a way and a time. It came in a quiet evening at home. Mrs. Ferrit and Mrs. Keldor were talking in an undertone at one end of the room about the arrangements for the coming spring at Lullfield. Ivy was sewing and thinking. Dr. Ferrit was reading. The rain that fell on the windows had a sound of security in it. Unless some one was very sick Dr. Ferrit would not be called out. After a thought that this might be the best time she might have, Ivy put down her work and went for the book, opened it at the page she knew, and carried it to Dr. Ferrit. She pointed to the name he had written, and was at the



instant so glad to have done it that she smiled involuntarily. He read the name written years before :

RICHARD FERRIT QUITTY, 1850.

He looked at her attentively. Evidently she had known this for some time, she was so quiet and satisfied. He leaned back in his chair, looking at her still. Those steady faithful eyes asked him for something. He answered, gently and truthfully,—

"Mrs. Ferrit has a pride of birth, and her husband is of common extraction."

He spoke to one who understood the excuses he made, and was waiting to hear.

"Mother's fanaticism was like yours."

"I know."

"Her ideas kept me back, and I must succeed. It was the thoroughness in her religion that kept me from assuming it."

"I know."

Still the steady faithful eyes asked for something.

"What is it, my child?"

"Tell Aunt Caroline."



"They are better apart,—neither could find the good in the other."

"They will remain apart,—both are fully employed in opposite pursuits," replied Ivy.

"Why disturb Mrs. Ferrit uselessly?"

"Because there is a wrong in deception."

"We see differently. Have you known this long?"

"Since I found the name and asked you to help me in tying old threads together."

"Did mother ever speak to you of her son?"

"No, sir."

"I knew she was to be trusted."

The next time Ivy went to see her, Mother Quitty alluded to Richard as naturally as if she had talked of him always. Ivy began to see where Mother Quitty had obtained the knowledge upon which she had based her discriminations. She knew far more about them all than they knew of her.

It was easy enough now to see the resemblances. Mother's Quitty's natural shrewdness and thoroughness were in the son. The benevolence which he called



"common humanity" she spoke of as "Christian fellowship." Their strong points of dislike were toward the things that took something too dear to part with out of their lives. He hated Christianity, because he knew when religion became a real thing to him it would cost him something. Her dislike was toward the world's aristocracy, because it was that which had robbed her in so great a measure of her son's open regard.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHOSE MISTAKE?

IVY was returning from a visit to one of Mother Quitty's friends, whose home was in the street where she had taken her to teach her the lesson in human need. She came to-day for another practical talk. As she opened the door she heard voices, and was about to withdraw, but discovering that the visitors were Mrs. Keldor and Mrs. Ferrit, she paused instead of going away, when she had said, "Excuse me." She felt worried, for probably this was the fruit of her own doing. Dr. Ferrit must have told her Aunt Caroline, and she had had the curiosity to see her mother-in-law.

"Come in, we were just leaving," said her Aunt Caroline to her.



Mother Quitty had not heeded her interruption till Mrs. Ferrit addressed her, then she turned.

"Ye needn't stand outside yer own family circle, as I see."

"It's rather an unusual gathering. I suppose that's why I waited."

In greeting Mother Quitty she kissed her, impelled by the conflict in her face and the hardness upon Mrs. Ferrit's.

"Get ye home to yer spoiling, ye baby."

"Auntie May is here. I shan't have to go far."

Mrs. Keldor would have stayed with greater pleasure with Ivy to make peace, but Mrs. Ferrit prevented.

"Do you return with us?" She had risen and bowed to Ivy, who knew that her Aunt Caroline was in her lofty mood by her ceremoniousness. She bowed to her in return, with an imitation exact enough to stamp her also a Pickhartz.

"I remain with Mrs. Quitty. You may expect me at tea-time."

Mrs. Ferrit took her leave in coldest po-



liteness. Mrs. Keldor in her kindness tried to atone for this, asking the pleasure of seeing her often. And so ended the first meeting between Mrs. Ferrit and her mother.

"Perhaps you will love Aunt Caroline when you know her," Ivy ventured to say that afternoon.

"However that may be, ye little meddler, we won't talk about her, except to say better of her than to her. It's little chits like yourself, easy to write on, that makes it plain reading who it is that keeps ye at it, gossiping and fault finding."

"I can't help saying what comes into my head, it is my nature."

"And ye've been setting nature a little too high of late. There's many a glory in it, that yer reason don't begin to measure, because He made it good, but the seeds of death are in it, because sin made it so. Yer pride and yer backbiting and yer selfhood are in it, and lots more wicked things, and it's yer nature that needs a Saviour, and He took it on Him that He might



redeem. Can't ye sing 'Far as the curse is found'?"

"I don't know the hymn perfectly, but I'll learn it because you like it."

"I'd like it better if ye'd spend more time looking into yer Bible. I want ye to see more of yer need, because then ye'll cling closer to Him. There's many a point in the law that ye are sure doesn't mean ye. Just let Christ set them home to ye as He did the commandments. Take for example the one that's most unlikely ye've broken, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and tell Him whether ye've ever been angry or not."

"But what if I can't bear the feeling of guilt in such searchings? I thank you for what you say to me, but I think if I know myself I do want to be a better Christian. It will make you glad to hear that I see nothing now to be desired in the spirit of selfhood, with the liberty it gives to do wrong, in contrast with the spirit of penitence and of obedience."

"Because ye've been to stand along with Richard and yer Aunt Caroline, ye must



bring them to stand where ye do now. Take hold of the promises, and give the Lord no rest till ye receive the blessing for them."

"My faith isn't a full faith yet. Tell me if *whatsoever* we ask is sure?"

"Yes, child, sure."

"Does such faith throw the responsibility of the world's conversion upon one that can exercise it?"

"No more upon one than another. The guilt of unbelief is the greater. If ye pray for the whole world, He'll treasure it up, He'll treasure it up," she repeated.

Alone by themselves, Ivy told Mrs. Keldor how Mother Quitty had helped her to see herself, and wouldn't say nor hear a word against Mrs. Ferrit.

"I like that because it is right," answered Mrs. Keldor.

"Aunt Caroline makes a terrible mistake in failing to see Mother Quitty's nobility."

"Your uncle made a mistake in keeping the truth from her so long. I am afraid he



told her too late. It might have been better for her never to have known."

"I asked him to tell her. The mistake was mine, Auntie."

"I am sorry I urged Caroline to go and see her. I was to blame for that."

In thought, the recollection of the afternoon scene stung Ivy afresh, and she gave it utterance.

"Sneers and sarcasms are of the devil."

"Let your charity be of God toward your Aunt Caroline."

"I do want to bless her more than I ever did before. Mother Quitty showed me my power with God to prevail for her, but there is one thing I want to see in a strong light, because I need it."

"What is that?"

"That Pickhartz pride means Pickhartz hate and selfishness, and levels every Pickhartz who harbors it with the commonest sin in the world!"

"I never understood the passion in your nature, but it seems to me to be put to its



right use when you turn it against your own sin."

"Auntie, love me till I grow quiet. I like to think the Lord will give me a new name, and the pain in the remembrance of all that has grieved Him He'll take away with my earthly one."



## CHAPTER XIV.

### EAGLES' WINGS.

It was an idle hour. To begin with, Ivy looked into her note book and laughed. It was because the page on which she had last written presented such a medley. First, a recipe for making catsup; then two of Mother Quitty's sayings, namely: "It is a mean nature that sinks in adversity and plumes itself in prosperity. It is a better make that puts on strength in trouble and knows its own unworthiness when honor seeks it."

"Toadies domineer when they get hold of power, and have no sense of the rights of little bugs."

She read on.

Carry flannel to No. 6 Fling St.



Wed. eve. Engaged to meet Emily Hestate to see her student (affinity and divinity).

For frontal headaches: Strong tea relieves, but causes wakefulness. Spirits turpentine, in doses of twenty or thirty minims, said to be beneficial, when caused by fatigue.

Read in Bickersteth's, *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, to Mother Quitty. Comment: "A masterpiece of work, but no living man knows what a dead man sees."

Buy a new journal.

This last note reminded her of the old book. She opened her desk and took it out. It contained the record of the last five years of her life. She gave a look at the old journal, of half regret, half contempt; and rising, put it in the fire. "A wordy thing," was her apology. She unwrapped the clean new book and wrote:

## EAGLES' WINGS.

*They that wait on the Lord shall mount up.* Life seems crowding, because it holds so much that it would teach. Since I've begun to know what others suffer, I've



learned to think that the saddest story of a human life may be, when we read it, looking back, that there were no stones out of which to built up Bethels. What others do and bear is such a marvel compared with my poor record, that I am ashamed. Yet Christ comes down into unprofitable lives among the irritants and over-estimated self-consecrations. I want this book for such times as I am afraid. It is the weariness of not running that makes me want this text.

She pushed away this book and took another—a work on Hygeine. A little knock, and Auntie May comes in. She rises to put two chairs closely side by side, as Mrs. Keldor likes them, and they sit down.

“Were you busy?”

“No. I suppose I’m tired. My thoughts don’t adhere to anything.”

“What are you studying for?”

“I’m hammering out my future.”

“Have you any fears?”

“Being left here, without you.”

“But we shall spend eternity together.”



Almost sadly Mrs. Keldor said it. She was thinking of Kensel.

"Auntie, don't you suppose He knew we should offer selfish prayers, when Jesus said 'Ask anything'?"

"Yes."

"If we don't tell Him what we want most, it won't be true praying. Mayn't we ask Him to take the sin and hurt all out of it?"

Ivy felt Mrs. Keldor's kisses on her forehead all her life. She seemed to set her apart someway.

"Ivy, I have some things to say to-night that I want you to know."

How still it was.

"I've tried to keep it from you that I am sick, but your eyes follow me so that I'd rather tell you I know your fears. We can be quiet now to talk, because we both see that the need for settling a few business matters, is far off as yet. You won't let this talk disturb you, now?"

"No, auntie."

"It is right for you to know certain arrangements, and I like to be the one to



tell you. When Mr. Keldor died his property was not large, and by his will it was all left to me as long as I should live; afterward it was to be equally divided between his two children. In case of the death of either it was all to be given to the other. He didn't know that I should have another child, and the law does not recognize you as such. I have talked this matter over with your Aunt Caroline, and at her marriage she made provision for you, so that after I go away you may be free to follow your own choice. At the same time it was her expressed wish that you live with her, as hers, till you are married."

"Auntie?"

"What dear?"

"I am your child and God's!"

"Always."

"And after I may not stay with you I shall have something to do for Him. That is why I cannot take Aunt Caroline's generous provision."

Mrs. Keldor did not urge her yet, and Ivy continued,—



"I knew the time would come for me to put off the child's fondling and put on the woman, and I have been preparing. I don't mean to go away selfishly from Aunt Caroline, but I am getting too old to belong in any sense to her as I do to you. She must find the need in a younger heart to grow into."

"This seems to you to be right?"

"Yes, auntie,—to minister, not to be ministered unto, if it please the Lord. This is all the idea I have of the change from childhood to womanhood in my relations to others. In my relations to God I am to learn more and more to be the child."

"Do you know your calling?"

"I have chosen a work, perhaps more laborious than honorable, but I have chosen," she repeated.

"What dear?"

"To be a nurse in a hospital."

"You are too nervously apprehensive for this."

"I like the work, it does not irritate me, and I find a completeness in it. There'll



be trials and blunders, and a need of overcoming in myself just as in every other place in life. I don't live in ecstasies and visions as I grow older, besides, I do not need evidences nor believe in the supernatural, since instead of these I am leaning on an Almighty Arm. Sometimes I don't think nor plan, the sense of being carried is so continuous. I wouldn't make out this for others, but it is the best for me, and I reach the work I wish to accomplish with less friction."

"Were there other motives that impelled you to this choice?"

"I think there was an influence growing out of my love for Uncle Richard. I wanted to participate in a measure in his experiences. Now that you know about my choice you will not hinder me?"

"When God says, yea, I cannot say, nay."

"I'll read that which speaks to me before you go to bed, auntie."

It was the ninety-first Psalm Ivy read, and they caught its inspiration:



*"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh by in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."*

In the talk that night Ivy learned that Mrs. Keldor for herself would prefer living in Lullfield. She was staying in Battleway for her sake and because Mrs. Ferrit had decided it for them. This made her urge Auntie May to go back, and she undertook to settle the matter with her aunt Caroline should she oppose it.

Mrs. Ferrit did oppose it.

"It is as foolish as can be, to make two families when there are only four of us. We shall all go in the spring, and there is no sense in your going this cold weather to live like two nuns out of the world."

"It is home, Aunt Caroline, and our friends are there."

"This is as much home as that, or ought to be. I have made up my mind that you shall stay till May."



"And I have made up my mind,"—she stopped at the thought of Mrs. Ferrit's kindness, changed her tone of decision and continued, "to thank you for your hospitality. If you needed us more than Auntie May needs her old associations I would not attempt the change now."

"You are not the one to decide. I consider that May is the best judge."

"Whatever you may cause her to say would be in consideration of the benefit she thinks it is to me to have more society, and I am not willing to accept any such sacrifice on her part."

"How do you know she stays on your account?"

"I am not a pachyderm, and I feel it. We shall go back to Lullfield next week. I mean, *I* shall, and I think Auntie May will follow."

"You are not a flighty-germ either. You may go and set up housekeeping alone and wait till we come."

"It is nothing at all. Annie wants to come back,—it is home to her too,—to



serve Auntie May, and we can get the inhabitable look into the house in a day or two before Auntie May comes."

"People will think we quarrel and couldn't stay together."

"We do quarrel, and rather enjoy it; and it does no harm, as I see, what people say."

"But May will be sick."

"Not with proper precaution, and if she is, I shall depend upon you just the same. You can keep coming out to see us just as you always did."

So the point was carried. When all was settled, and Mrs. Ferrit had left them to themselves, and the home feeling had come back with double rest and sweetness, Ivy asked, out of the content in her heart,—

"Auntie, do you really like this better than any place in the world, or do you say it to please me?—because I want you to be happy."

"I do really like this home better than any other, and yet it is you, my blessing, who makes any place home."



"I don't deserve the name, but perhaps that is what makes it dearer. You went away because I was so out of sorts. I shall find room enough here to exemplify what a woman can do. I like taking the charge of a family."

"How many blunders have you made to-day?"

"I don't know enough to know. Two, I think."

"I knew you put cinnamon in the chowder instead of pepper, in a fit of absent-mindedness. What was the other?"

"I looked after the plants for only a minute, as I thought, but I got so deep into arranging and sponging, that I used up an hour, and didn't have time to make the apple pudding you like. So I made a proverb instead. Refined indulgences are as selfish as any."

"Auntie May?" Ivy was very coaxing this day because she was almost sure to meet with a contrary opinion.

"What, dear."



"I am subject to freaks."

"What now?"

"I want to do something not exactly to your mind, but if you ask me seriously not to, I won't."

"Is it sensible?"

"I don't know; freaks are freaks."

"Tell me just what you want to do."

"The young women vex me so with their views on Women's Rights, that I want to give them one good talk on the subject. The most any one can call it will be a Parlor Lecture."

"Mr. Weir might hear of it, and would not approve."

"The grand old man is going to Heaven soon, to learn that souls are neither male nor female."

"I refer you to him. It will save his feelings if you consult him, and perhaps he will dissuade you from it."

"I'll go and talk with him."

Ivy went, and stated her wish. Mr. Weir shook his head saying,—

"The young are bold to run."



"Mustn't it always be so? Isn't it right?"

He smiled.

"Perhaps I ought not to check these restless activities. Why not wait till you are older?"

"I am not a child in the sense you mean. How many years have you known Auntie May?"

"Let me see, thirty—thirty-five, I think, and you are about twenty-eight, I suppose."

"You see I am getting older than my friends realize."

"Yes, yes, so you are. Are you too old to take advice?"

"I came for it."

"Take for your subject, *Women's Privileges*, and bestow upon it ten weeks of labor and prayer,—then invite your aunt and the elderly ladies, with a few of the most sensible of the younger; Emily Hestate, for instance."

"Are you making fun of me, or is this the means to keep me within proper bounds?"

"Neither. Isn't it sound advice?"



"Very," Ivy laughed.

He held out his hand, and Ivy gave him hers.

"I will do just as you say."

It was a small company assembled that afternoon, in accordance with Mrs. Keldor's invitation, and Mr. Weir's advice. They sat courteously and indulgently to be entertained. Ivy felt very much like leaving home and escaping the task she had set herself. "Perhaps I shall be as ashamed as I was when I set myself up to teach Mother Quitty," she said to herself, as she looked at the ladies. We will look at them too.

Miss Anna Selfguard. Walled about by a defensive etiquette. Little ingress or egress here, it might not be just the thing.

Mrs. Doe. Pillowry and pliant. Fashion early moulded the mass, and still directs the milliner and dress-maker what to do with her.

Mrs. Robbins. A bird, chirping, cheering, working, chatting, now she's winking.



Mrs. Lyon. Generous and ponderous, but not as sagacious as

Mrs. Toppin. She softly treads with undulating movements the paths of pharisaical piety. A silvery fox, one of the rare animals of the forest, valuable for the fleece.

Mrs. Flushing. An animated sunflower.

Mrs. Keldor. A queen on the throne of principle.

Emily Hestate. A nun before the crucifix.

Mrs. E. Vasive. Made by the following recipe: One thousand scraps of information, one hundred plans, one desire to produce them all at once, and numberless jets of flashing smiles. A common human compound of inaccuracies and didactics, to be loved as Derived Fascinations.

Mrs. Doall. A decisionist; with cotton gloves that cover work day glories; with ready offering for the dish she thinks is right side up. She don't believe in rights, she takes them. She came here to-day because somebody she likes did, not to set



that chit up. (Movements thrown in as settlers).

Letta Pun, who loves them all.

Ivy's courage had been good till she needed it. Now at the first moment of public effort every power of her mind seemed to fail her.

"Will some one ask God's blessing?" she faltered.

A silence, then fell on the ear the music of soft petitioning. It was Emily who prayed. Humility, with covered face and feet, had swiftest wings to soar and wait on God.

Ivy was strengthened. If it was only for *Him* she could do anything.

#### WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

A woman's thoughts are closely allied to her work. They are alike in carelessness or thoroughness, in their tendency to curse or to bless, and in the vital necessity there is to go from kind to kind, from theme to theme. Subject as she is, therefore, to so



many influences, with so much to learn, with so much to enjoy and to suffer, she can hardly hold a purpose without (like Bunyan's Pilgrim) putting the fingers in the ears and crying, "eternal life!"

In the clamoring for women's rights, we who wait in ambush have something like curiosity to see if those who lead in warfare shall, by the pain of loss or mistake win anything which we may gracefully appropriate. If we had not refused to come out into the winds of chance and hold a taper, perhaps that darkened one would not have fallen where she did.

There are differences of thought upon the subject of rights as upon any other. Christian womanhood, that assumes the privilege of equality with Christian manhood, has not been represented by the unbeliever, who accepts Nature as infallible, Reason as a leader, Christ as a philosopher, Self-acquisition as happiness, and its pursuit a paramount right.

Standing upon a different platform, a Christian woman accepts the Bible as the



wisest philosophy,—Nature as God's great work, immeasurable by so small a part of itself as human reason,—Jesus Christ as God taking upon Himself human nature to redeem Nature, and a Saviour from sin and its effects far as the blight is found. Accepting His teachings, imitating His life, resting on His work, she desires a putting away of sin in penitence and obedience, and an appropriation of what Christ says He will be to her in the stead of self.

We leave these divisions simply side by side, to speak each for itself in its subdivisions, while we try to look at the perplexing realities which come too close to us perhaps for clear seeing, but are the near foes to be met. We are in and of the masses, where we find weakness and sorrow in both men and women; care and worry and burden-bearing on the part of some men to provide indulgences for blind and selfish women; care and worry and burden-bearing on the part of some women to provide for the family and to make up the insufficiency of supply. We hear the talk



of affinity here, and of uncongeniality there; but nowhere do we find a blessedness unmarred by sin, and nowhere does a curse exist where a blessing may not be sought and found.

I. Out from her share in these perplexities comes the woman's privilege to choose her standard of action. From this ground we proceed to points.

A Christian woman believes in the earthly and transitory nature of marriage, but not in the transitory nature of love. For this world, one flesh, till death shall part, for the security of every home, for the good of ministering therein, and for the care of little children. But for eternity we hold the best thing in soul-nature; and in revelation, the love which is born of God.

(Mrs. Doall here expressed her thought. "But we've got to obey our husbands, because the Bible says so.")

Mrs. E. Vasive answered, with wonderful smiles, "I wouldn't commit myself on that, for we should obey anyway, if we had to,



and when we did we could save the mortification by not referring to it.")

Here again you provided an argument for the acceptance of the idea of equality. You made a difficulty which did not exist in the day when the Lord gave *them* dominion, and does not now exist in the ideal. A man who knows what love and right means, cannot command a woman. A woman who knows what love means, cannot be servile. In instances of real affection we see that neither thinks anything about it.

("What will you do with the curse 'he shall rule over her' ?")

We never supposed the man under curse also, to be charged with carrying out judgment in this matter. Both were bound hand and foot in sin, but to the woman was the promise made that was to liberate both. Now we say, women in Christ stand out of reach of curse in the liberty wherewith He hath set them free! We do not wish on our part to evade the direction to obey, for we believe every man or woman who has for conscience' sake sought to follow the



wisest philosophy of giving up self, has been the world's helper.

( "It is the future of a great love that makes us also unwilling to accept the idea of affinity as any excuse for covetousness. The true and the pure reach out and educate Abrahams who believe and wait." Mrs. Lyon rounded her words and made them grand.)

It makes me strong to hear you say that. We read that covetousness is idolatry: then duty left for the sake of what we have not, and desire to possess, is the setting up of self. There are men and women who do not wish to evade the truth, asking only to be held to the right.

( "Ought not—every woman to have a work to do as well as every man?" Emily Hestate was afraid this would be left out.)

It seems so. Not all housekeepers, not all sempstresses, not all teachers, but Christian work-women everywhere, each with individual bias, personally accountable to her Master. The thirty-first chapter of Proverbs points to her different kinds of work.

( "We have disturbed your arrangement by talking," said Miss Toppin, politely.)



Your points were better than my own, and all come under the head of a woman's privilege to choose her standard of action; but there are a few things we may be tacitly allowed which we do not choose.

Usually a Christian woman has no desire to shirk home duties. There is no place dearer to her than where her blessings live. There is more danger that one misjudge those who are not like herself. There are women who quarrel with drudgery, because born with little strength and a torturing brain, whose demands are more than can be met. There are those also to whom homes are denied, and whose work must be in an outside calling,—the kind we half-slightingly speak of as "independent women."

Neither do we ask to be enthroned in weak and foolish sense. We believe in just compliments, if in any. If we come down when we speak of equality, we are more than willing, if any other is thereby lifted up, to glory in the Lord. This is why we put away the words of over much praise, thinking only that it may be a courtesy in



nature, when a man and woman truly exalt each other in the heart, corresponding to the "likewise" in Scripture, that the equality may be wrought out by them together.

We do not wish to usurp authority, but we say it is a perversion in nature,—as we understand it,—when "might makes right," and the Bible provides against this. We stand upon a common ground of soul needs, of conflict with sin and selfishness, and nowhere does the man stand for the woman, nor the woman for the man,—so that tyranny in the hands of either is his or her sin.

We do not want too much indulgence for inaccuracy, for dawdling inefficiency, for this keeps us in ignorance and slackness. We want to be better, stronger women than we are, and we submit ourselves to common-sense rules of fitness and of preparation, to be subjected to criticism, sifted by discipline, and tested by results.

II. There are privileges ours by common consent, but not truly ours by apprehension and appropriation.



The world allows that we may love, and stilted wisdom nods in affirmation that this is a woman's necessity. Some one, somewhere, casts the glorifying shadow over us, and we say, "It is enough," but the now opened view binds us to a strangely implicit obedience to the new commandment, the understanding of which marks a distinction between soul and soul. Who can get nearer than a Christian woman, if she will, to that measure, "As I have loved you"? though every fresh contact with the sick and poor and erring brings the helplessness of never having learned anything.

And when to us are referred the privileges of refinement, shall we give our interpretation of these from silver tones whose fountain is latent bitterness? from noiseless feet that trample on Christ's little ones? from eyes that beam lustroously where luxury attracts, and are sightless in the thoroughfares? from benevolence which pampers pet menials, and prays "have me excused" when love for all men is demanded? from graceful self-appropriation of the world's choicest



gifts, while hourly is recorded on high "ye did it not to Me"? from education that speaks fluently in languages, and is confounded at the idea of stammering in Heaven's courtly tongue for Jesus?

To women is allowed the advantage of intuition, and this we recognize and pervert by assuming feeble tones and shrinking fingers to convey to each other the thought of a distinction we imagine we possess. We all know what we mean by the descriptive words, snubbed, ignored, annihilated. Yet these intuitions are the gifts which bring us nearer the Human Christ, so that we may know and imitate His tones and the healing touch of his fingers. Through thus knowing Him, we might have an influence, not our own, and when we wait before the Lord for all His power which changes words and signs into living things for winning souls, then Christian women, penitent and forgiven, are crowned.

Why thus should womanhood strive to put on the privileges higher than its attainments? Because as long as the world en-



dures, manhood will stand beside it, its completeness and amen.

Our thoughts have just touched the little wave from ocean fullness that came up at our feet. Now the ebbing follows the flowing, and it seems to be gone; but we will believe the tide is coming in, and God's influences will roll up nearer.



## CHAPTER XV.

### TWICE AT BETHEL.

"SHE will worry me to death, Richard. I never had any influence with her. If May had only told her it was her wish she should live with us, she would not have said a word in opposition. But there is one hope left,—it seems to give her pleasure to yield to you, and you must use your influence."

God's processes in one human life had come to an end, or rather the beginning had been made clearer to one, sought, led, and now received into the Father's house. Mrs. Keldor's weakness had daily increased as the warm days came on, and Dr. and Mrs. Ferrit became part of the family in Lullfield only to succeed her who had been its strength. After Mrs. Keldor's death, Dr. Ferrit had bought the house of Mrs.



Bartholomew Fennhaven, intending here to spend the summers; and nothing had been changed. Ivy had followed directions almost mechanically since Mrs. Keldor died, but something she had said about going away had disturbed her Aunt Caroline and led to her appeal to Dr. Ferrit. After a fuller talk upon the matter, Dr. Ferrit made up his mind that she should stay, but wisely concluded to wait for her to express herself again and explain her wishes. Therefore, when after a few days, Ivy asked,—

“Uncle Richard, will you advise me about getting a situation as a nurse in a hospital?” he replied,—

“You are not fitted,” and gave her no farther attention.

Ivy drew her chair near to his, and answered so earnestly that he could no longer put her off.

“I know I am not fitted. I think I never shall be, and yet I want to try. The time will never come unless I do, and the Lord will bring the days and the duties too, one by one.”



"Have you been studying with your mind on this?"

"Yes, sir, for a long time."

"Was that the reason of your interest in Surgery and Anatomy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your practical experience must have conflicted with your ideals of usefulness, and by this time you ought to see the inexpediency of your devoting yourself to this."

"I must do it."

"But your Aunt Caroline has set her heart upon your staying with us."

"I am not ungrateful, but I made up my mind long ago that this was my work. Will you advise me?—because you know."

Dr. Ferrit thought a moment before he answered. He had been fearing the effect upon Ivy, of her grief, and wanted just now to indulge her. Besides, he knew that sorrow is best exhaled by ministering to others.

"When I understand just what you need to know, I will, conditionally."

Ivy knew the best blessings of her life had come with conditions, and she asked,—



"What must I do?"

"If we consent to your doing this work, you must call our house your home, and come to us when you need rest."

"It seems a very shabby thing to do, to come when I am poor and tired; but that is just as we are when we come to Jesus. I will, Uncle Richard."

Dr. Ferrit had yielded to what seemed right, and so had she.

Ivy was lifted up. Perhaps it was because she had shut herself from the sense of being still cared for and planned for, that made the realization almost too great now. How glad Auntie May would be, and how her sorrows were already turning into joys! She felt like writing once more in *Eagles' Wings*. As she opened her little book, she thought how much better it was than her *Journal*, because she put only the helpful things in it. She read what she had written months before about "no stones," and, taking up her pen, she wrote,—

REJOICE IN TRIBULATION.



Auntie May has left me, and rests till the resurrection in the sleep of infant Nature cradled in the promises.

Uncle Richard is still entangled by that, in reason and science, which seems in opposition to the Bible. Infidelity is such a terribly plausible muddle!

So I've been twice at Bethel. It may be, if I tarry, I shall see the angels going up and coming down.

I have also a real joy to carry always. Auntie May has always loved me, through her last days, next to Jesus. Now, no accident can touch this great receiving.

Several months after this Ivy entered upon a new work in the eyes of others. In the sight of her Master there had been a long process, that was even now in its beginning. If it seems late to her, she remembers that He also knew His thirty years of waiting. There was such a sense of having attained that which she had prayed for, that she needed Mother Quitty's practical reminder for a new stimulus.



"Ye needn't jump at conclusions, ye hopper-toad. The Lord has got so much to teach ye, He won't sicken ye with it all at once. Only be ye sure to keep a-singing His loving-kindness, and somebody that's a-listening will learn it too, and sing along with ye."

And somebody that was "a-listening," did hear and understand after more waiting, and she knew again, in the face of her many failures and much unbelief, that to Womanhood in Christ was promised "all things" as possible.

On a day of boisterous winds and slippery footing, Ivy at her work knows the quietness of assurance. An Irish woman is loudly wailing on her bed of pain for her daughter, telling over and over the story of her troubles, ending with,—

"If I could only put me two eyes upon her, I'd die contint."

"Wouldn't she come if she knew?"

"Indade, and I didn't trate her well, and it isn't in all rason."

"It may not be in reason, but it is in •



nature,—you belong to each other; and it is in revelation,—*Ask, and ye shall receive.*”

(The woman lived to tell her own Lizzie Ann, “And the leddy done a bit of a prayer, standing right there, and the shape of her words brought the gospel out so that I drew me first breath in belaving, and I cried right down out of me eyes.”)

Ivy became aware that Dr. Ferrit was standing in the doorway with lifted hat. On his face was a look of reverence, such as she did not remember to have seen there before. As she turned and moved toward him, he said, solemnly,—

“Ivy, there is a kind of revelation that I believe in,—*I, John saw.*”

He stood on the threshold of holy secrets, and was entering in.

THE END.

E. H.

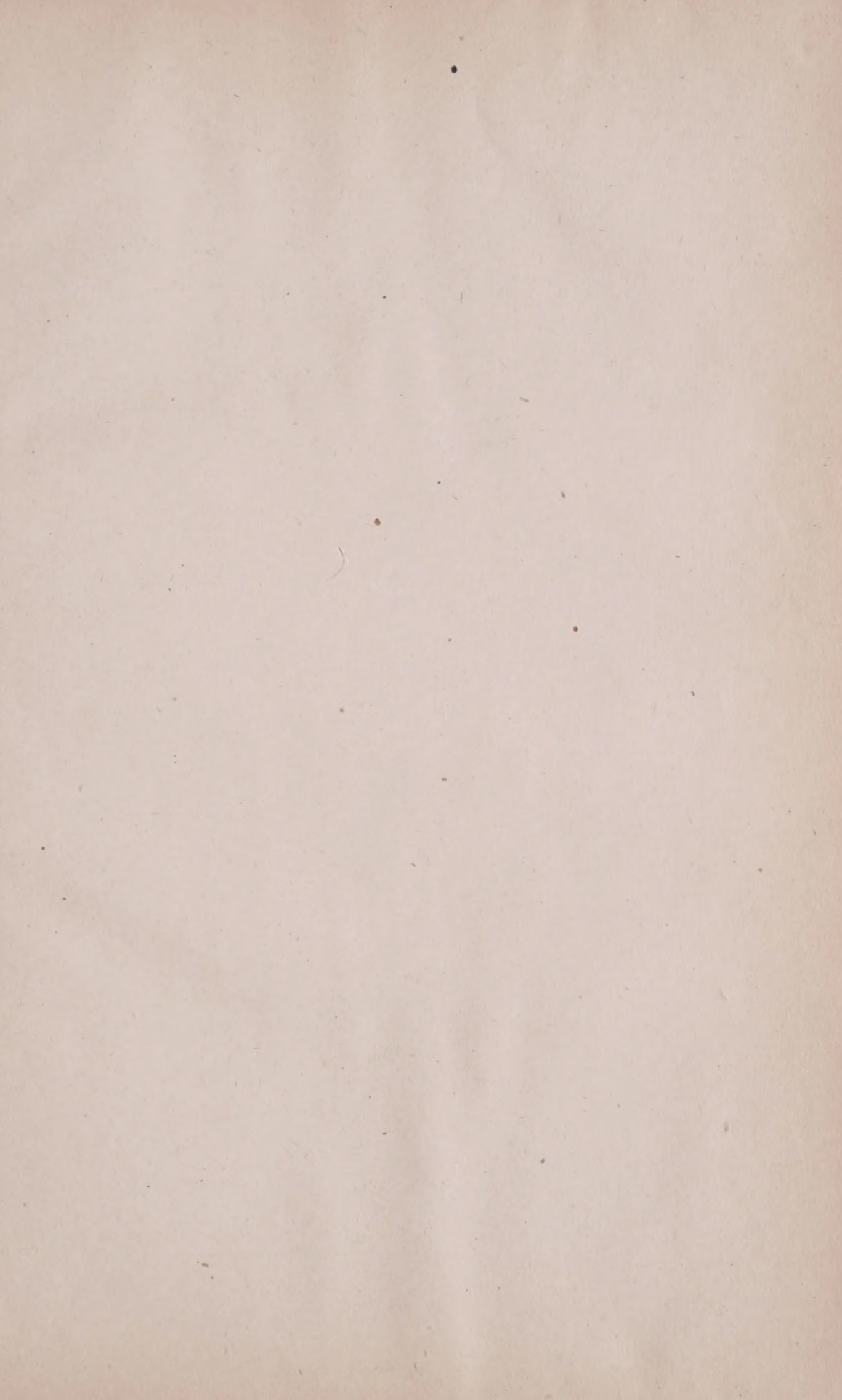






























LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022054958